LIBRARY
STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
JOHNSON

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 103, NO. 24 NEW YORK, MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1940 NUMBER 1358

Good and Bad War News

The war went both well and badly for Britain and her allies during the week ending December 3. To take the cheerful items first, the Greeks continued their advance against the Italians in a way which electrified the whole world. People who had been saying a little earlier that Finland, also, did well in the first few weeks, began to consider the possibility of a débâcle for Mussolini. A report by an American economic expert pointed out that the British blockade was doing Italy great harm, cutting off badly needed imports of meat, rubber and jute. Food prices are up 68 percent; meat is now available only two days a week. Italy formerly imported by sea 95 percent of her oils, fats, cotton and wool; 75 percent of her hides and skins; 70 percent of her cereals. Another item on the bright side for Britain was the death of Jean Chiappe, the French Fascist who was on his way to govern Syria and the Lebanon in the interest of Vichy. The Greek successes have relieved the pressure on the territory of Britain and her friends in the whole Eastern Mediterranean. Egypt, Suez and Turkey are all more secure.

The bad news is in England herself and the North Atlantic. Germany has recently been bombing industrial towns with serious effects; production of war supplies, especially airplanes, has apparently been substantially cut down. The shortage of British naval vessels has crippled the guarding of convoys, and German submarines have been operating with deadly effect. Merchant tonnage is being lost at a high rate, so high that Britain is sharply curtailing food imports.

We Must Help

It is time for Americans to think earnestly about the character and quantity of our aid for Britain. Are we prepared to supply her with what she needs? Or shall we just go through the motions of aid, furnishing "too little and too late"? The New Republic believes that the American future is being decided in the skies above Britain and the waters around her shores. We feel that this is no time to vacillate or count pennies. The President has said that we shall give England one-half of all war production in this country. If she needs it, that figure ought to be increased to 60 percent, or 70 and 80, and at once. Every ton of American merchant shipping that is now idle or that can be spared from other routes should be transferred to Britain for the North Atlantic trade. No matter at what cost, we must not, for our own sake, permit Hitler to win.

Check and Countercheck

No sooner had Japan recognized the puppet government of Wang in China than the United States announced a new $100,000,000 loan to the nationalist government of Chiang Kai-shek. This continuance of a firm policy of action in the Far East is the only influence that may restrain Japan. We still have many unplayed cards, and Japan's hand is giving out. Every time we strengthen China, the repercussions are worldwide. We diminish the hope of Japanese aggression. We strengthen Britain, not only in the Far East but in the Near East, because the less fear the Soviet Union has of Japanese success, the more play is given her nat-

CONTENTS

The Week 771

Editorials

Abundance or Rationing? 774
Mr. Stimson Meets the Press 775
A Good School Under Fire 776

General Articles

Standards of Living and of Life 777
Bottlenecks in Defense . Nathan W. Robertson 780
I Saw France Fail . C. Bertrand Thompson 782
The Californians: Storm and Steinbeck . . . . . Edmund Wilson 784
Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 788
Day Must Come . . . . Stark Young 789
Make Your Own Movie . . Otis Ferguson 789
Frank Lloyd Wright . . Bruce Bliven Jr. 790
The Bandwagon 791

Correspondence 792

Winter Book Number

John D: An Academy Portrait . Lewis Galantière 795
An Appeal for James Joyce 797
Poets: Old, New and Aging . Randall Jarrell 797
J. P. Morgan's Art Expert . Paul Rosenfeld 800
Animal, Vegetable and Mineral . Louise Bogan 803
Mark Twain's Philosophy . M. R. Werner 805
Return of Glenway Wescott . F. W. Dupee 807
Mr. Masefield and Clio . . V. Nabokov 808
100 Notable Books of 1940 810

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1940, IN THE U.S.A. BY EDITORIAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 40 EAST 49TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ural tendency to obstruct German eastward expansion.

Japan, it is true, gives every sign of trying to absorb Indo-China on her way to Singapore. It may even be that the hostilities of Thailand against Indo-China on the south are Japanese-inspired. But if China keeps Japan busy enough, a long extension of Japanese lines in a southerly direction can only in the end weaken the strategic position of the Mikado's forces.

Divided Budget

The reported plan of the administration to separate the budget into two parts—one for ordinary expenditures and one for defense—may have its virtues, but we think there is a better one. According to a dispatch by Turner Catledge in The New York Times, the plan is to balance the ordinary budget by economies, to borrow only for defense, and to accompany all such borrowing with special taxes calculated to retire the indebtedness in a reasonable length of time. This sounds very neat and businesslike, but it is based on two fallacies.

First, it assumes that the defense program is an "emergency" of brief duration, whereas for all we know it may last for years. The chief fault of the New Deal on the economic side is that it has regarded almost every new situation as an emergency or a temporary departure from "normal," whereas fundamental and lasting reconstruction was required. The second fault is that you can't separate the war sector of an economy from the peace sector, as you could in the good old days when wars were fought only by armies and navies, and relatively small ones at that. The problem of expenditure, taxation and borrowing is an indivisible whole, and all of it must be considered in the light of total defense—both military and civil.

As we have said many times, we should like to see government accounts separated in a different and more rational way, as are those in Sweden and other countries. There should be both a capital account and an income account, as in ordinary business practice. Money invested in capital wealth should not be lumped in with money spent for current necessities. And money borrowed for investment purposes should not be added to an annual deficit in the account of current income and outgo. If this practice were adopted, the deficit would not so much alarm timid business critics.

A Bad Formula for Economy

Mr. Roosevelt's announced intention to cut non-defense expenditures to the bone falls under the same criticism as the reported proposal to divide the budget. Is it or is it not in the interest of the defense of democracy to relieve substandard farm incomes, to feed the unemployed, to build homes and roads and bridges? Where defense expenditures make former New Deal projects unnecessary—as for instance by diminishing unemployment—it will not be necessary to spend so much in the old ways. But you can't separate defense from a wholesome economic order and social security. Instead of looking in the direction of parsimony for non-defense expenditures, the President should resolve to expand production and the national income so that we can do everything necessary both for the military and for civilian life.

Two Faces Toward Mexico

An era of good feeling between the United States and Mexico seems to be in sight. This country acted promptly and firmly to prevent the Almazán revolution, by publicly giving full support to Avila Camacho. Mr. Roosevelt has sent down one of his best men, Henry Wallace, Vice President-elect, for the inauguration ceremonies. There is still the danger of armed revolt, but it does not seem very serious; it is reasonable to suppose that the hostile crowd which booed Mr. Wallace on his arrival was either paid by or influenced by German Nazis. There is talk that Mexico will cede us army and navy bases, badly needed.

The troublesome spot in the Mexican picture had to do with the American oil companies. They are still boycotting Mexican oil and preventing normal business relations. Isador Stone recently summarized the facts in The Nation. Mexico can't buy the materials for ethyl gasoline, or tankers or refining equipment, new or second-hand. The Export-Import Bank won't lend money. The Navy Department until recently was buying petroleum from Standard Oil at 89 cents a barrel, instead of Mexican oil at 79 cents, trying to punish Mexico for daring to challenge American oil interest. Mr. Stone thinks this policy must have been approved by the American State Department, since that department recently modified the policy. If so, our government speaks with a divided mind. It might be just as well for the Mexico-haters in the State and War Departments, in the National Defense Advisory Commission and elsewhere, to find out what Mr. Roosevelt's policy is and live up to it.

Blood Bath in Rumania

Rumania during the past few days has been a slaughterhouse. The pro-Nazi Iron Guard has staged an uprising during which thousands of people have been killed, many of them innocent victims of political persecution or equally innocent Jews. At the moment there is doubt whether the Iron Guard or the nominal government is ruling the country. There is equal doubt whether the uprising was the Iron Guardists' own idea or was promoted by Hitler as an excuse to take over the whole country. It is also obscure what part Russia is playing in the trouble in Bessarabia. Rumania has for years vied with one or two other Balkan states for the dubious honor of being the least civilized European country. She is paying for her reputation today—paying in blood. Whatever happens, Hitler's grip on the country seems unshaken. To what extent he will use

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rumanian territory as a path to the Near East depends upon Russia and upon the success of the Greek and British forces against Italy.

Mr. Dies's Bad Job

In the dispute between President Roosevelt and Martin Dies, our sympathies are wholly with the President. We agree with Mr. Dies that there are many agents of Hitler, Stalin and Mussolini at work in this country, that they ought to be uncovered, that illegal activities ought to be stopped and those guilty should be punished. Our criticism of Mr. Dies, and our feeling that his committee should come to an end, are based on the fact that he has done his job so badly.

He has spent perhaps 90 percent of his time and energy working on the Communists, when the Nazis are very much more of a danger. In his whole field of activity, he has dug up less important material than private investigators working for newspapers, magazines and committees have done. Mr. Dies has a fatal instinct for surrounding himself with third-rate people, many of whom are busily grinding their own axes. He has published a multitude of wild rumors with no attempt at verification, then or later. When people whom he thus libeled have protested, he has merely put their protests into the record, where they have been smothered under the weight of millions of words, unreadable and unread. It is nonsense for him to claim that he broke up the United Front in this country; the Stalin-Hitler pact did that. It is equally nonsense for him to suggest, as he did in a radio speech on December 2, that his committee can do the work of 14,000 additional agents for the FBI. Incidentally, in that speech, referring to the innocent people who have been libeled because their names were on the mailing list of the American League for Peace and Democracy or similar groups, Dies defended himself on the ground that if they are innocent, let them prove it. Apparently he never heard of the fundamental principle of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, that every man shall be presumed innocent until proved guilty.

The work the Dies Committee was appointed to do is of tremendous importance; even yet, the surface has only been skimmed. It is heartbreaking that he has done it so badly. He should now get out of the way and let a competent group take over.

Vultee and Mr. Cox

In last week's New Republic we said that Attorney General Jackson's comments on the Vultee strike served "to rob the strikers of all possible standing in the eyes of the public." Further evidence of a similar tendency may be found in a current Paramount News release.

In the middle of a news program at the Embassy Theatre in New York City—following pictures on Britain's fight for life, Lord Lothian's plea for American planes and the training of our own draftees—comes a piece on the Vultee strike titled: "Strike Issue Growing." The factory is shown, with planes half-finished on the line, and the commentator remarks on the "repercussions" the strike has aroused. Then comes the signing of the agreement, with the statement that labor gains a million and a half dollars a year and the company a two-year, no-strike guarantee; this is followed by brief shots of the CIO convention, with comments on CIO leaders' determination to shape a strong organizing drive in defense industries.

At this point a significant note is struck. The commentator announces growing resentment in Washington against strikes, and the camera moves into a close-up of Representative Cox of Georgia, who fills the screen like a haggard embodiment of the spirit of '76. Mr. Cox gives a tirade on the shamefulness of "striking against the government"—as if Vultee were not a profit-making corporation. He says the strike was as much a form of sabotage as is destruction of the finished product. He concludes by condemning such delays as treason and urging that they be so declared. At least at some showings of the film, his address was greeted with loud cheers—as presumably it was intended to be.

On the whole the newsreels have heretofore made an honest effort to present both sides of an issue. But to feature Representative Cox, of all people, in such a context, is to provoke the movie-going public into a belief that employers are patriots while strikers are subversive and imperil American security. There is danger that this may become the bandwagon attitude of the near future and that from all sides the public will be urged to take a "moral stand" against labor's efforts to secure itself in the rearmament drive.

Eating in a Worthy Cause

New Republic readers in the New York City area will have a triple opportunity on Monday night, December 9. They can enjoy themselves at a dinner party; they can hear a group of speakers who (we hope and believe) will have something important to say; and they will be aiding one of the most meritorious and badly needed charitable causes of the present times—the fund that is helping bring anti-Fascist refugees from Europe to the United States. The speakers will be the Honorable Harold Ickes; Señor J. Alvarez del Vayo, former Foreign Minister of the Spanish Republic; Max Ascoli, dean of the Graduate Faculty of the New School for Social Research; Freda Kirchwey of The Nation and Bruce Bliven of The New Republic. We submit that this is a bargain at only $3 a ticket. If you haven't already made your reservation, please send in your check at once, made out to Bruce Bliven, Co-Chairman, The Nation and The New Republic Fund, Room 523, 122 East Forty-second Street, New York City; telephone, Murray Hill 3-4592.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News Notes of a Week

The French province of Lorraine has been officially incorporated with the Saar to form the new German province of Westmark. . . . German attacks on Southampton are reported to have devastated large areas of that seaport. . . . Detailed accounts of these raids appeared soon after American newsmen charged the British government with too rigorous censorship. . . . Encouraged perhaps by the Rumanian earthquake, Norwegians provoked heavy landslides in their homeland, destroying many rail and road communications. . . . The Greeks claimed their first naval victory in the sinking of an Italian submarine.

One fourth of the draftees from New York City and its environs have been found physically incapable of military service. . . . Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Arctic explorer, urged closer Soviet-American ties. . . . Major General Hagood announced that United States coastal defenses were so poor that large ports could not be closed to invasion within six months. . . . Nine members of the Brooklyn College faculty were charged with being Communists, at a hearing of the joint legislative committee. . . . Asserting that labor racketeers were responsible for current strikes, Representative Cox said that the "coddling of this vermin" must be ended.

Abundance or Rationing?

On page 780 of this issue, an article by Mr. Nathan W. Robertson explains the struggle now going on in the defense administration concerning the need for enlarged productive capacity in machine tools, steel, railroads and other industries. This may sound like a dull and remote subject, but it is critical not only for the life of this nation as a democracy but for the daily existence of each of its inhabitants.

The first consideration is the need for weapons themselves. On the basis of present orders and the existing defense program, the steel-makers may present figures indicating that they can probably just about squeak by without any new furnaces for basic steel production—though more equipment for finished products may be required. But the present program is too small. Hitler's steel capacity, including that of the conquered nations, is at least twice that of the British Empire plus recent imports from the United States. Our steel industry is now operating at about 97 percent of theoretical capacity. The Germans are sinking British ships at an alarming rate. The need is to devote far more steel-making plants to war purposes than we now do. In preparing to deal with the Axis, the only safe course is to plan, not just to squeak by if things go as well as could be expected, but to possess an overwhelming superiority if worst comes to worst. Again and again it must be emphasized that the only way to be safe from Hitler is to be stronger than he is—and to be stronger first.

It takes more than a year at least to construct new basic steel plants and bring them into production. If we wait to begin them until all the steel we can make and all the labor power we have are demanded for immediate uses in a life-and-death struggle, we shall never be able to expand at all. Now is the time to plan ahead for a margin, while some capacity and labor are still going to waste. We have already thrown away the chance to enlarge the industry given us by the idle capacity of the past year, and those precious months are lost forever.

What will happen if we get caught without sufficient capacity and a soaring military need? Priorities will be applied; the purchases of the civilian population will be rationed. That may have to be done anyway, before the new plants could be ready, even if we decide to build them. But the prospect is not a happy one if it is unnecessary. The average automobile owner would doubtless be willing to go without a new car in 1941—not merely without a new model, but without any new car at all. That, however, would not be merely a sacrifice of pleasure on the part of new-car buyers. Those who would otherwise purchase the trade-ins would not be able to do so. At the bottom of the pile, there would be more junk on the road, and before long, off it. The motor car, in sober truth, is not a mere luxury, but an essential part of American production, a necessary means of transportation. To cease manufacturing it would be a blow at efficiency.

And what of the great army of workers in the automobile factories? Some of them might be employed for making planes, tanks or other munitions. Not so, however, many of the makers of parts or materials. Every bottleneck which necessitates rationing leaves unemployment and distress in its train.

Steel happens to be in the center of the controversy, but it is only one example of many. Industry after industry is so afraid of excess capacity after the emergency that it is now limiting defense plans and is preparing a situation that will necessitate rationing in the future. If this tendency is allowed to continue, either we shall, like the Chamberlain and Daladier governments, do too little and too late, or in a heroic last-minute effort we shall get tangled up in our own feet and be unable either to save democracy abroad or to fulfill it at home.

The efforts now being made in Congress to reduce the status of unions and forbid strikes have a close relationship to this struggle, for it is really one that concerns a whole economic and social philosophy. Congress is deeply exercised whenever labor threatens to strike, but it seems to be entirely blind to the fact that capital is now putting the brakes on production. A policy that holds productive capacity down to a point too low for the demand fans out into all aspects

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the national life. It checks the growth of employment and so limits labor's purchasing power and the strength of labor organization. It fails to produce the goods that would be required to fill the demand of a large and well paid industrial population. At the same time, urgent defense orders press so heavily on the limited capacity available that prices rise, profits become exorbitant, and the labor that is employed is asked to accept longer hours and surrender its independent status. We can imagine no situation less likely to arouse the workers' enthusiasm for a defense effort than one like this. Unemployment, large profits, loss of standards by those employed, and a general scarcity do not embody defense of democracy, either at home or abroad.

Just the opposite program is now being urged by far-seeing economists. It has long been a commonplace that this country could produce and consume far more than it does. Excess capacity exists in many industries. Abstractly, we could spend on arms $25,000,000,000 a year and at the same time provide the means for a higher standard of life than at present. We could have full employment and abolish poverty. But it takes more than the appropriation of large amounts of money for arms to accomplish this end. In spite of the general average of existing "excess capacity," many industries are underequipped to fill the great demands that would arise from adequate popular purchasing power. We should have to expand equipment in many places if we were greatly to increase the national income even in peace. And when new military products have to be made in great quantities, the need for enlargement of plant is redoubled.

The sound program for economic democracy is to provide ample manufacturing facilities for everything that may be needed, either for war or for peace. It is to break the tight hold of monopoly, and counteract the natural tendency of big business to retain a favorable bargaining position through a policy of scarcity. This implies a large increase in production, not just of war materials but of all useful things—to the limit of our managerial and labor power. It implies full employment at high wages, the maintenance of labor standards and a free status for unions. It implies heavy taxes on swollen profits, and strict control of prices and credit wherever necessary to avoid private gain from shortages, or to forestall general price inflation. It is a means of preventing strikes, not by repressive and dictatorial measures, but by removing labor's just grievances, thus taking the wind out of the sails of those who would exploit these grievances for sinister purposes.

This program, if effectuated, will mean that the democracies can beat Hitler at all his games—not only in fighting, but also in providing security and the *élan* of a successful and ordered system. The prestige of a democracy that can do these things will furnish the necessary impetus to a European population that must revolt against the dictators if their system is to be destroyed. And, after the war, we shall have the means for a true economy of abundance.

Each separate industry may fear that when hostilities end it may be faced with excess capacity, cutthroat competition, low prices and loss of capital value. But if expansion takes place in the right places, if the national income grows and is better distributed, and if inflation is avoided, there will be an enormously enlarged demand for useful goods after the war. There can then be just as feverish a race to convert armament plants for satisfying the needs of the civilian populations of this country and the world as there is now to convert existing plant for war uses.

Mr. Stimson Meets the Press

SECRETARY OF WAR STIMSON made a highly interesting address before the American Federation of Labor at its annual convention at New Orleans the other day. Mr. Stimson, in private life a prosperous New York City attorney and a former Republican Secretary of State, is not usually considered an adherent of the New Deal; yet his speech gave a brilliant affirmation of one important part of the New Deal philosophy. After warning that the totalitarians threaten freedom throughout the world, and that national defense requires sacrifice by all elements in the community, he went on:

> Without industrial peace we cannot defend American democracy. The Congress has declared, and that declaration accords with our national experience, that only through the democratic process of collective bargaining can the nation achieve a lasting and durable peace. That is true in time of tranquility. It is doubly true in time of emergency.
>
> The practices and procedures of collective bargaining are most surely protected by the machinery of democratic organization of workers and their privilege freely to unite, unthreatened by any outside interference. . . . In times of emergency even more than in ordinary times the responsible trade union is an indispensable instrument of national well-being because through it the free coöperation of labor is enlisted and assured in the national task which confronts us. . . . It is a basic article of our democratic faith that free men will produce more and better goods than men who are not free; men who are coerced or recalcitrant.

To be sure, the War Department is not altogether living up to Mr. Stimson's words. It has awarded fat contracts to employers, like Henry Ford, who are notoriously anti-union and have openly and flagrantly defied the National Labor Relations Act. But this fact makes Mr. Stimson's speech more and not less significant, as an indication of future policy. Under the circumstances, we submit that it is important news. Did the press recognize this fact? So far as we know, it did not. Every newspaper that we have examined quoted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only a few lines from Mr. Stimson, those in which he warned that labor will be obliged to make sacrifices, "along with all other elements." In the headlines and the introductory paragraphs "all other elements" pretty much disappeared. The New York Times went out of its way a few days later to write an editorial praising Secretary Stimson for those parts of his speech which Times readers had not had the opportunity to see. If any other paper made similar tardy amends, we have not found it.

A Good School Under Fire

ONE OF our favorite educational institutions in the whole United States is the Highlander Folk School at Monteagle, Tennessee. Highlander is a labor school; its chief purpose is to take promising trade-union members and equip them better to help their organizations fight for improved conditions for the working man. No student is taken unless he is endorsed by a local union. No distinction is made between AFL and CIO, both of which coöperate with the school.

In addition to this primary purpose, the school has two others. It attempts to aid the people of the little community where it is located; it conducts a nursery school for people nearby and has sponsored several co-operative undertakings for them. It also has an extension division which does field work of several kinds in cities near and far.

The direct support of labor is indicated by representation on its executive council. This body includes a vice-president and another representative of the American Federation of Hosiery Workers; the Southern director of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers; the president of the Chattanooga Printing Pressmen, and a local secretary from the United Mine Workers. Among many labor groups supporting the school is the Nashville Trades and Labor Council, AFL.

The schools has friends in other quarters than the organized labor movement. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt is keenly interested and maintains a scholarship there. The benefit this month in the national capital is sponsored by a Justice of the Supreme Court, members of the Cabinet and of Congress, a former governor, administrators of leading federal agencies, two members of the National Defense Advisory Commission and other prominent persons. Mr. J. W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Education, wrote the committee on arrangements: "Although I am asked every week to lend my name for the sponsorship of many undertakings and naturally find it necessary to decline, I am willing to be one of the sponsors of your benefit."

Why do we go into such detail about the support the Highlander Folk School receives? Because there has been a long continued, vicious campaign in Tennessee to destroy this institution. Most of the newspapers of the entire surrounding territory have repeatedly lied about the school, on such a scale that the falsification cannot be attributed to an innocent misunderstanding. The charges have been that the school was "communistic," that it was misleading the young people, and so on. Dr. James Dombrowski, director of the school, has denied all these charges and has indicated his willingness, if it could be proved that the school is un-American or is detrimental to the community and to the people it serves, to put an end to its work. Nobody has ever brought forward even a fragment of evidence that the charges are true.

Who is behind the attempt to destroy the Highlander Folk School? First of all, it is reactionary employers throughout the entire South, men who object to the school because it trains people to become successful leaders of strong trade unions. Locally, there is reason to believe that the Tennessee Consolidated Coal Company has had a good deal to do with the attack. This company has for years dominated Grundy County. In 1938, for the first time, a group of county officials were elected who were not subservient to the coal company, and the school faculty was active during the campaign in support of these candidates.

A few weeks ago, feeling was stirred up to such a pitch that a vigilante group calling themselves the Grundy County Crusaders planned to march against the school. If this had been done, blood would certainly have been shed. At the last minute, the vigilante leaders were persuaded instead to confer with the school officials. As a result of this five-hour conference, the tension was relieved somewhat. But there is danger that it will rise again; there are plenty of people in Tennessee who don't want a school that prepares efficient spokesmen for labor, and will stoop to almost anything to destroy it.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

Editors

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY GEORGE SOULE
STARK YOUNG

Assistant Editors: OTIS FERGUSON ELIZABETH HULING

Contributing Editors

H. N. BRAILSFORD JOHN T. FLYNN E. C. LINDEMAN
JONATHAN MITCHELL R. G. TUGWELL

Treasurer: DANIEL MEBANE

E. G. WOOD
Advertising Manager

BYRON DEXTER
Circulation Manager

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTIONS SIX DOLLARS, FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

EDITED AND PRODUCED UNDER UNION CONDITIONS BY CONTRACT WITH THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE GUILD, LOCAL 18, UOPWA, CIO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Standards of Living and of Life

THE PEOPLE of England and of the United States are thinking nowadays almost exclusively about war. But these thoughts cannot go on forever. Sooner or later we shall have to turn our minds to the post-war world. What sort of place will it be? To this there is only one answer: it will be the sort of place that we make it. It will be, in other words, the kind of world that enough people want, with enough determination, over a long enough period of time.

It is generally agreed that the aim of a good civilization is to provide the maximum satisfactions from life for the maximum proportion of the whole population. In the past, we have not done very well in this regard. Most civilizations have furnished a good life to only a very small percentage of their total number of people. How can we broaden the base? For broaden it we must, unless we are to admit that the whole effort of mankind to progress, from the earliest days, has bogged down and come to a halt.

A recent article in The New Republic said:

> The American national income is at present about $70,000,000,000. . . . There is no reason on earth why it should not rise to $100,000,000,000 in the near future. If we will plan our economic life as intelligently in the interest of democracy as Hitler planned Germany's in the interest of Nazism and war, we can have our armaments—all we need of them. We can have a general improvement of our economy, the scrapping of obsolete and obsolescent machinery, an expansion of plant to fill all reasonable needs, a standard of living for the whole country that is now available only to the favored few.

Is this really true, and if so, how is it to be accomplished? It would not be a matter of too much difficulty, provided we were to use our capital resources of men and materials with maximum intelligence for the common good.

The whole story of how this might be managed is too extensive to be told in one article. We can, however, raise the curtain on one particular aspect of the problem: rural poverty and its relation to the general situation. The ideas presented below indicate some of the sort of thinking now being done by students of agricultural economics, both in Great Britain and the United States, in this field. They are offered by the editors only in the hope that they may help to prime the pump of discussion.

Throughout the world it is a striking fact that you find the greatest poverty and misery in the countries where the largest proportion of the people are trying to earn a living on the land. To be sure, poverty and misery are conditions hard to define; yet there are certain rough standards by which to measure them. There are, for example, average length of life, average incidence of the filth diseases, infant death rate, maintenance of a minimum nutrition requirement.

In Southeastern Europe today there are still countries with between 60 and 80 percent of their people in agriculture. The most advanced rural areas in the world are those with the highest degree of mechanization or industrialization in farming, such as New Zealand, parts of Canada, the United States and Great Britain. Only seven percent of the people work on the land in Great Britain, yet they now produce a billion dollars' worth of food, out of the two billion dollars' worth the British people consume each year. Seven percent happens also to be the percentage in New York State, which has a high general level of rural development. The areas in the United States with the lowest standards seem to coincide with those regions like Arkansas and Mississippi, which still have between 50 and 60 percent of their people working on the land. If soil and climate were adequate and there were no export trade in agricultural produce, with mechanization and industrialization 15 percent of a population should be able to produce all that the total number of people could consume. This 15 percent could probably be lowered still further with careful organization and the further universal use of power and machines.

Yet there are obstacles. In time of unemployment in industrial countries, and of underemployment in countries that are mainly rural, the land is used as a kind of concealed dole. Men, women and children starve there in silence and out of sight. Self-sufficiency is rare and is achieved only by appalling sacrifices. Social services dealing with education, health, culture and recreation cannot be offered by the state and are almost wholly absent. Yet putting more people on the land is still the first refuge of the politician in times of depression or when armies are being demobilized. Except in very limited areas of the world today, further rural settlement is the surest way of lowering world-wide standards of life and living. What we need is far fewer farms, not more, and far more people in industry and in the professional, social and leisure services that we so badly require and can now so little afford. Each year fewer and fewer workers are needed to feed and clothe us and to provide us with our bare necessities. Our ten million unemployed in towns and cities and our two and a half million underemployed on the land, represent the criminal negligence of our business men and those who plan our economic life, in wasting our best capital resources.

It may seem absurd to suggest that American farm-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers at the end of the year 1940 do not get enough to eat; yet careful studies by government experts show that this is true. More than 50,000,000 people in this country do not have a diet adequate for maintenance of full health, and of these, at least 45,000,000 are definitely below the "safety line," with impairment so serious that they cannot do a proper day's work and are more than normally subject to disease. Taking the country as a whole, the farmers furnish an abnormally high proportion of the victims of an inadequate diet. One-half of their total number is improperly fed and one-quarter is gravely deficient. We hardly need say that this quarter is to be found in the area of greatest economic distress, among the tenant farmers and share-croppers, in the places where the largest proportion of the total population is on the land.

One further point is worth making. No nation can raise its standard of living wholly or mainly by the export of agricultural produce. Nature cannot be hustled or industrialized beyond a certain point. She must be allowed her own rhythm of growth. The terms of trade have always in the past been heavily in favor of those nations that have a wide variety of industrial equipment. To expect any area to win a rising standard of living on the export sale of one or two crops in the raw state such as cotton, tea, cocoa, oranges, coffee or rubber is to cry for the moon, unless the new controls that the war is bringing about can insure the farmer against all the many risks from which he now suffers uninsured.

That is why it is just as important to give the farmer the slogan, "Away from the land," as it is to say to the worker in factory or office, "Back to nature." We need to replan our towns so that we can live and move in relation to some social grouping that is in touch with nature, and with rural life. We can at last afford even this seeming luxury without fear, and can look upon it as one of the necessary parts of a rising standard of living for ourselves, our children, our whole community.

In Europe and the Americas, industry is now mainly on a power basis and the productivity per man-hour has been tremendously increased thereby. Machinery can and does revolutionize agriculture, even though nature sets limits to the speed and extent of its economical application. The vast majority of farmers even in the United States today get from their land only a bare living, and oftentimes they are lucky to do that. The statement is frequently made that if the average farmer knew how to keep his books properly, and made any reasonable charge for his own labor and that of his family, he would be almost continuously in the red. The standards of life in Canada could be vastly increased if 200,000 of her 750,000 farmers could be persuaded to leave their farms. Perhaps her defense program will work this miracle. A proportionate decrease in the farm population of the United States may be equally desirable.

From these facts emerges the rough outline of a wise social policy. Just as in industry it is our aim to produce the greatest possible quantity of goods and services with the smallest number of men working the shortest number of hours, so in agriculture our efforts should be to keep on the farm the smallest possible proportion of the population. We are not overlooking the argument that the farm is "a way of life"; that living and working on a farm may offer a satisfactory all-around existence to a select few; that cities as they exist today are unhealthy for many people. Arguments like these usually prove to be discussing farms at their best and cities at their worst. If you turn the picture around and compare life in the rural slums with that of the average middle-class family in the big city, the moral is completely reversed. The point is that nobody should be required to do needless work just as a matter of discipline, the way our great-grandmothers embroidered a sampler, and then picked out all the threads and did it over again. It is a crime against humanity when anybody performs any essential work, either in industry or agriculture, with less than the maximum possible efficiency, and the use of the best machines for that particular job.

It is probably no longer news to anybody that laissez-faire is dead; but even now, some of us go on thinking and acting as though it were still alive. There is a surprisingly large number of people who feel that the distress in the rural slums is the fault of the inhabitants of those slums, as though the entire population of a given countryside had suddenly lost its moral bearings.

The modern state has a responsibility for all its citizens, to see that, at the least, they get a fair chance, an even start in the race and an insurance policy against man-made cataclysms. If the leaders in any civilized country are to live up to their obligation, they must "interfere" violently with both city and rural district, industry and agriculture, for the benefit of the common good. The state, through its power to tax and to increase or withhold social services, can bring an enormous leverage to bear on conditions. It can say that certain regions are not capable of supporting farmers at a decent standard of life, can buy up their farms and turn them into forests, or golf courses.

A rich future for mankind demands a differentiation of function second only to that in the world of plants and animals. The last thing it should require is that so many people, often so unsuited, should perform the same general service for mankind, as they do today. New farm areas should never be colonized, as was done after the last war, where it seems probable that they will decay into rural slums in the course of a few years or decades. When the state does permit colonization, it must be sure that it can and will afford and will maintain for the settlers the required minimum standard of life, at the same time guaranteeing a proper conservation of natural resources for posterity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The problem of the underprivileged rural families is not to be solved simply by extending to them, wherever they are, community services such as health, transportation, recreation and schooling. Some areas are so thinly settled on such poor land that these services can be furnished only at a prohibitive cost and through subsidies paid, indirectly, by richer areas. Advanced states like Wisconsin and New York have found that it pays in dollars and in every other way to buy out certain isolated farmers and move them into more thickly settled areas, where the per-capita cost of social services is not so staggering.

All this means a great restriction on the unbridled right of private enterprise to do as it pleases. Granted. When unbridled private enterprise bears a major share of the responsibility for plunging us into two world wars in a quarter of a century, and produces a series of major depressions within a couple of generations, it is certainly time that somebody interfered.

The objection may be made: If we are to reduce the number of people both in agriculture and in industry to the minimum compatible with full production, how are we to occupy our population? The answer is that the mark of a high civilization is the proportion of people that can be maintained in tasks other than those producing the absolute necessities of life. There should be an upward movement of our population, bringing in at the bottom people from wide areas of agriculture and industry and, at the top, spreading them out into an ever wider range of professions and cultural, leisure and recreational activities.

It is stupid, on any count and in any country, for 40,000,000 people, let us say, to work on farms and in factories 40 hours a week and 8,000,000 be unemployed, when all 48,000,000 could achieve the same amount of production if each of them worked something like 33 hours a week. There is an infinite variety of ways in which humanity can spend its time to advantage other than by hoeing corn or operating a power lathe.

We don't yet know what the world might be like if we really had enough doctors and dentists, if every creative talent in the arts were used to the full. Our civilization is filled with frustrated people and with inconvenient and ugly things. We hardly notice these conditions, because we are so used to them, or if we do notice them, improvement seems a hopeless task. Just as an individual finds it easy to change from spending a small income to spending a larger one, but very difficult indeed to reverse the process, so any nation at any time, once it has tasted the fruits of an advanced civilization, will be reluctant ever to give them up.

In our thinking about foreign countries, a great many of us are badly out of date—to be exact, 164 years. We continue to make the error of King George III when he was quite willing to buy the agricultural products of the American colonies but fiercely resisted their desire to set up industries of their own. He wanted them to exchange their rum, molasses, tobacco and other products of the soil for goods made in British factories. We can see now that the colonists were right; that America would never have become the great land she is, without developing industries of her own; but we find it hard to realize that the same problem is still being answered even by the democracies with the same wrong choice, when it comes to countries in Central and South America, Africa, Asia, southeastern Europe, today.

Yet there is no valid reason why we should continue to make this mistake. Modern technology is such that it can be applied anywhere; almost the only real requirement is cheap transportation, preferably by water. There are few places in the world where anyone would want to build a factory which are not accessible to sources of power—coal, oil or falling water.

Over many generations, the policy of industrialized nations has been to keep the so-called "backward countries" in a state of economic serfdom so that they could be forced to sell their agricultural produce—often at abnormally low prices—and buy manufactured goods from their big, rich, "civilized" protectors at abnormally high prices. Yet the rule mentioned earlier in this article holds good. No country can attain a high state of civilization when most of its people are engaged in agriculture. If we try to look at the world as a whole, we see at once that the wise policy will try to develop in every country, first, the maximum degree of modern mechanized industry to produce for the needs of its own population, and, second, an agriculture also intended for its own population and put on a basis of the utmost possible substitution of machines for manpower. Imports and exports, in the long view, should be reduced to the lowest point. No country should import anything it can itself produce on an economic basis, and it should export only as much as is necessary to pay for these indispensable articles brought from abroad. Until these principles are put into effect, we can never hope for a civilization uniformly high throughout the world. Unless that goal is attained, the world can never be really healthy, any more than a city could be if it drew its drinking water from two commingled sources, one pure and the other polluted.

Does this appear Utopian? On the contrary, it appears that the Utopians are those who hope that somehow or other we can muddle through, when year after year it becomes more certain that muddling is not enough. The sort of thing this article has discussed thus far is planning, and that word has an obnoxious connotation in many circles. Yet it sounds somewhat better if we realize that the alternatives are apparently to plan or to perish. All we need is to have faith in ourselves, in the ability of mankind to profit by experience, in the future continuance of the evolutionary process that has already brought us such a long way.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bottlenecks in Defense

THE NEW DEAL, frequently accused of hostility toward business, has given business all the breaks in the rearmament program. Where it has finally clamped down, it has done so only under pressure from the public. Now it faces an issue of far greater moment than any in the past. Industry is resisting the plant expansion that may be needed for national defense, and that certainly will be needed unless we curtail production and employment in other fields.

The National Defense Advisory Commission, which has established somewhat of a record for toying with issues affecting business, is toying with this one. As a result America is in much the same position that proved fatal in France and almost fatal in Britain, where governmental indecision delayed action until the crisis was at hand. Here we have poured money into new plane and gun factories. We have expanded our ship-building facilities and powder plants. But there has been little expansion of our basic industries like steel, machine tools, copper and zinc, which supply not only the defense industries but most of our other manufacturing activities.

Already bottlenecks are delaying and NDAC economists are warning of more. Machine tools are being rationed. Steel may soon have to be. Yet there is little plant expansion in either field. What would happen if we were forced into war tomorrow; or if Hitler's bombers make England come to us for a much larger proportion of her arms than we are figuring on? Some of the government's economists fear we are gambling with national defense and also risking the jobs of millions of workers in industries that may not be able to get the raw materials and machinery they need a few months hence.

The munitions industries refused to expand until they got their own terms on profits and tax concessions. They didn't get their own terms on new plant financing, but they loaded all the risks on government before they went ahead. Those questions are all out of the way. Government has agreed to pay for national-defense plants when industry is unwilling to take the risk. But the heavy industries still are reluctant to expand because they are worried about profits after the emergency is over. They remember the idle plants during the past ten years.

Take the machine-tool industry, for example. Here is where Britain's worst bottleneck developed. Our machine-tool industry has been expanding output rapidly by utilizing idle plants, increasing shifts and farming out work to little machine shops. But it has reached the point where voluntary priorities are in effect. That means that national-defense orders are given precedence over orders from peacetime industries. Yet the industry is not materially expanding capacity. It foresees years of capacity work and capacity profits under the present set-up. With additional plants, even if they are built at government expense, the peak will not last so long. Then there may be lean years.

In steel, the situation is almost as bad. There is no emergency yet. But it takes a long time to build steel plants, and government economists foresee a shortage within six months unless normal buying is curtailed. The steel industry contends it can handle any demand now in sight. Rather than expand, it would like to see priorities used—which would mean, perhaps, that there would be less steel for automobiles. This suggestion burns up New Deal economists, who contend that America does not need to choose between automobiles and tanks, but has enough men and materials for both.

Where are those business men, they ask, who during the recent campaign were shouting with Wendell Willkie that more production is what this country needs, and that the New Deal is blocking progress with a defeatist economy of scarcity? Here at last are real demands for the products of industry at the prices asked. If campaign arguments mean anything, here at last is something on which government and business should agree. But apparently things are not that simple.

As in all issues in which its interests are affected, business is well represented on the Defense Commission. It has its spokesmen right in the commission staff as dollar-a-year men. One of them, Walter S. Tower, president of the American Iron and Steel Institute, is the commission's chief adviser on steel. Government officials on the staff charge he is openly echoing the arguments of the industry and seriously delaying action on their recommendations for additional steel capacity.

Transportation is another field where bottlenecks may develop. The railroads have done little to prepare for an emergency. Much of the rolling stock is old and worn. Yet Ralph Budd, the commission member charged with transportation problems, is upholding the industry's position that there is plenty of equipment on hand. Budd, president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, is also said to have been slow in pushing for the highway-building program suggested by defense studies.

This is not the first time dollar-a-year men have fought well and hard in the NDAC for the policies of business. One of the longest and bitterest fights was over the question of financing new defense plants. It took months of delay to get them to accept the view-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

point that the government should own the plants it paid for, instead of giving them to business. Had they been willing to accept this principle at the outset, it would have eliminated much of the need for the high-pressure drive on Congress to amend the tax laws relating to plant amortization—during which they blamed the President and Congress for holding up national defense.

But the business men trembled at the specter of public ownership, and at first the commission moved slowly. It was only after the public howled at a financing scheme which involved an obvious gift of a $55,000,000 plant to the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, paid for by the taxpayers as a bonus in addition to normal profits, that progress could be made. Under the plan now in effect, the manufacturer can buy the plant after the emergency is over, if he wants it, but he must pay for it. And meanwhile tax difficulties can be avoided by letting the government hold title. It's a simple formula, but it took a long time to sell it to the dollar-a-year men—longer in fact than to convince most of their contract-hungry colleagues on the outside.

There have been many other instances of dollar-a-year public servants retaining more of their business viewpoint than was good for national defense. One of the most violent fights in the commission involved an attempt by a group of them under Commissioner Edward R. Stettinius Jr. to sabotage plans for a TVA ammonium-nitrate plant. The army sent over to the NDAC plans for three new plants—two of them to be operated by private industry, and the third by the TVA. This proposal got into the hands of Dr. E. R. Weidlein, of the Mellon Institute in Pittsburgh. Weidlein sent the proposal back to the army, got the TVA plant eliminated, and had sent out tentative contracts to the private chemical companies before Chester Davis, representing agriculture on the commission, got wind of what was going on. Davis intervened and had the decision reversed by a five-to-two vote of the commission, later made unanimous when Stettinius and Knudsen, formerly of General Motors, changed their votes.

A similar instance came during the excess-profits-tax-bill fight in Congress when a group of the business men on the commission staff got the idea it would be a good thing for the NDAC to speak out in favor of the less drastic of two tax bills then under consideration. They had a report all drafted, but Commissioners Leon Henderson and Sidney Hillman intervened to suggest it was none of the commission's business.

There have been many such cases of divided loyalty between public and private interest among the dollar-a-year men. Probably the most honest of them have difficulty separating the two viewpoints because even their time is divided. One day they work for their own companies; the next day they work for the government, perhaps handling issues affecting their own companies. Nevertheless, many of the higher-ups have distinguished themselves for subordinating their private interests. Knudsen and Stettinius have completely severed their old connections, and their associates testify to their ability to see the public viewpoint even when it conflicts with their traditional thinking. The same goes for Donald Nelson, Sears Roebuck's talented buyer, who is coördinator of purchases.

The dollar-a-year men are not responsible for all of the commission's dallying by any means. From the outset of the rearmament drive John L. Lewis and the CIO demanded that contracts be withheld from the companies which refused to abide by the National Labor Relations Act. But led by President Roosevelt, and with the assent of its labor member, Sidney Hillman, the commission held that the important job was to get production under way. More than a billion dollars' worth of contracts were given to Bethlehem Steel, one of the nation's leading hold-outs against the NLRA, before the commission got around to ruling that defense contractors must agree to abide by the law.

Even after that, labor leaders were incensed to find a contract for $122,000,000 going to the Ford Motor Company, which ranks with Bethlehem as an offender against the NLRA; and also to discover that big contracts still were going to the International Shoe Company, of St. Louis, and other shoe manufacturers noted for hostility to labor. Their efforts to check up on these obvious violations of commission policy exposed a surprising division of authority and confusion surrounding the award of contracts.

Investigation disclosed that although the NDAC makes the rules governing the award of contracts, it is in no position to enforce them. All contracts are granted by the army and navy. No one in the commission even reads them to see if they comply with the rules. Knudsen has to approve the contracts, as President Roosevelt's personal agent, but he relies upon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one-page memoranda from the purchasing officers in the army or navy who negotiate the contracts. Knudsen's chief objective is to see that the contracts go to firms which can get them out quickest. But Hillman, who originates rules governing labor, never sees the contracts to check up on their compliance.

Within the commission there was sudden talk of revising the purchasing set-up. Proposals were made to put Nelson in charge of all procurement, with the army and navy purchasing officers subject to his control; and for setting up a special committee within the commission, representing all divisions, to review contracts. But it was obvious that the problem ran deeper than that; that the purchasing difficulties were symptomatic of the whole defense set-up.

The fundamental difficulty with the present defense organization is that authority is too widely diffused. The commission is composed of seven individuals, each with his own job to do under President Roosevelt's control. There is little coördination or teamwork. Some functions overlap, others don't quite meet. Even the commission as a whole is purely advisory. The army and navy, which have the real authority under law, are completely independent unless the President intervenes.

There are plenty of bottlenecks in the defense organization. The army procurement service, which is used to handling an army of 120,000 men, is one. The dollar-a-year men constitute another. The diffused authority within the NDAC is a third. But the big bottleneck is President Roosevelt himself. All authority centers in him. He is going to have to unload onto someone.

Washington NATHAN W. ROBERTSON

I Saw France Fail

Many articles and books have been published giving the reasons for the French collapse—so many that additional discussion seems unnecessary unless the author has exceptional sources of information. Mr. C. Bertrand Thompson, who wrote the subjoined article, is in that position. For twenty years he has known France and French industry widely and well. In the Great War, he was consultant management engineer for the French Munitions Ministry. He lived and worked in France from then on and at the beginning of the present war he was asked to train as rapidly as possible a large number of experts in industrial organization. They were urgently needed (as they will be here also) for vital war industry. This took him at once to the heart of the manufacture of airplane motors and accessories and to close contact with the Air Ministry, industrial leaders and workers.—THE EDITORS

In some respects the French democracy was more like our own than any other. Some of its weaknesses revealed by the tests of war may find their counterpart among us under similar circumstances, as they have in England. They have deadly potentialities in all modern states, some of which have corrected them, at least temporarily, by suppressing democracy. That is not the American way. The recent history of France enforces on us the necessity of finding our own way, for the industrial débâcle there is closely connected with rampant abuse of democracy.

In the last ten years French politics has followed two main tendencies. On the one side, the radicals and Socialists with a Communist fringe, represented principally by Blum and Daladier. On the other side, the conservatives with a fascist fringe, represented by Laval and Flandin. Both groups wanted votes. For the Left group this meant (as in England) disarmament, and at the same time baiting the dictators. For the Right, it also meant disarmament (again as in England), but at the same time soft-pedaling the opposition to Hitler and Mussolini. Thus there was virtually unanimity on disarmament until the war clouds became too threatening to be ignored. By then Hitler had a long start.

In 1936, when M. Marcel Déat, journalist, became Air Minister, the government was somewhat war-conscious; but the conflict between war consciousness and disarmament produced a curious compromise. Large-scale production of civilian planes was stopped and the policy of prototypes introduced. The prototype is a plane designed in detail and manufactured in very small quantities for experimental purposes. If the model were adopted, provision would be made, at least theoretically, for possible production on a large scale. This policy was meant to ensure constant improvement in design and preparation, without expenditure for actual production.

When, six months later, M. Pierre Cot took over, this policy was continued through the critical years 1937 and 1938. M. Guy La Chambre, Cot's successor, stayed in the same rut, despite many urgent warnings.

The heaviest responsibility in this matter is M. Cot's. Two factors seemed to have determined his policy. On the political side, M. Cot was an ardent believer in the solidity of the Russian alliance and Russia's 4,000 planes. On the military side, he accepted the judgment of General Gamelin, who had no faith in planes or tanks and who obtained the diversion to heavy armament of huge sums meant for the air force.

Gamelin's error is now so evident that one wonders why the supreme command was ever entrusted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to him. When the question of military preparation became acute, there were three possible leaders. The only real choice was General Weygand, but he was anathema to the Leftist majority. Next was General George, who was supported by the Right but had no chance with the Left. Daladier picked and imposed the innocuous Gamelin.

We come now to the social aspect of the problem. To most people this suggests Blum and the Popular Front, the forty-hour week and class war. All of this —like most standardized thinking about the French— is based on misapprehensions.

In 1936, the number of unemployed was exceptionally high for France. The forty-hour week was imposed with the idea of spreading work. In some well organized industries, this policy brought no diminution of production. In the majority of plants, badly organized and equipped, output was decreased, or the law evaded. The policy was imposed brusquely, with no gradual adjustment. Emphasis was laid on the increase of leisure time. Everyone was encouraged to work as few hours as possible. Strenuous efforts to recover from this false position came too late.

There was, of course, widespread class hostility. But it should not be charged to Blum. The historical basis lay in the hatred of oppression from which the French people have suffered so deeply before and since the Revolution. Corrupt politicians bred distrust of the governing classes. The pennywise capitalist policy killed respect for business leadership. The tyranny of small business and executives brought violent reaction. Prostitution of press and government completed the general disgust. The mild social reforms of 1936 came too late.

There was much apparent communism among the workers and soldiers. But it was essentially a violent protest against the abuses of democracy. The Frenchman, whether worker or peasant, is an almost incurable individualist. His communism was a profound distrust of his civil and military leaders. In the army there was little disaffection before the enemy, but a general lukewarmness behind the front. In industry the consequences were more evident and more disastrous. There was apathy practically everywhere because of distrust of the government. The sequence of order, counterorder, disorder, was visible each day. The toleration of fifth-column activities in the press, in business, and even among the lower army officers was well known. The government shut its eyes to many manifestations of communism up until the beginning of this year. In one nationalized airplane factory, a necessary and sufficient condition for employment was that the applicant be a Communist.

The workman who suffered from this sabotage had little incentive not to practise it himself. He saw successive Cabinets made up by the reshuffling of the same incompetents, men who used their high office solely for self-profit. He saw private manufacturers fighting the state manufactures by manipulation of priorities, arbitrary rejection of products and interference in administration. Here is an example concerning the three leading air motor manufacturers.

No. 1 was a famous, well organized concern in the hands of a family of technicians. No. 2 was a progressive affair directed by able men, not overscrupulous, and among their objectives was the acquisition of No. 3, a decrepit affair which had been nationalized in 1936. No. 2 decided to demonstrate that a state concern could not produce until returned to private ownership. A director in No. 3 soon noticed that their requisitions for materials were sidetracked and indefinitely delayed. Their better personnel was sent to the army or to other plants. Their normal work was interfered with daily by unnecessary investigating and control commissions. Their assembly foreman was rejecting perfectly good pieces as not good enough for *him*. The assistant to the new director was sabotaging all efforts to improve the situation; and when advised to resign before being discharged, answered: "My connections are such that you cannot get me out of here." Several commissions denounced his activities, but the denunciatory paragraphs dropped out before the reports got through. What was the key to all this? *The Air Minister himself* (now also under arrest at Vichy) was counsel for Company No. 2.

In the Air Ministry there had been for some time at the head of the technical and manufacturing department a well known scientist and experienced administrator, M. Albert Caquot. For years, M. Caquot had proposed the decentralization of airplane and motor plants. He had prepared and surveyed plans of the innumerable quarries which are found throughout the southwest and had advocated the extension of power lines and rail sidings to them. This advice was consistently rejected and at the beginning of this year M. Caquot was replaced by a military officer who began by filling his department with relatives and business friends.

It is not surprising that under these circumstances, the eloquent appeals to increase production had no effect, especially when accompanied by numerous contradictory orders. A twelve-hour day and seven-day week were ordered and countermanded. Paris was ordered evacuated, and the next day all workmen were instructed to remain. A day later all civilians were told to remain; next day civilians and workers were told to evacuate—by which time the government itself had left and everyone was free to do as he pleased.

The import of all this was not lost on the workers, and when decentralization and evacuation were finally forced by the German invasion it required nothing short of dictatorship under Pétain to stop revolution.

Last but not least in this sad catalogue of causes must be placed governmental and private incompe-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tence. We have already mentioned the policies of appeasement, of reliance on Russia, and of the limitation of production to prototypes. Add to this an extreme slowness in the design of planes; the refusal of even reasonable standardization; lack of planning and coordination, with resulting bottlenecks; conflicts of priorities between the Air and the Munitions ministries; inability of motor production to keep up with plane production; insufficiency of foundries, machine tools and other indispensable accessories. The worst bottlenecks were due to the failure of the motor manufacturers, making a very complicated and delicate product, to keep up with plane production, a relatively simple product. A chief reason for this was lack of foundries and forges. There was an interval of eighteen months between the placing of an order for motors and the final testing of the first completed batch. Each plane required from one to four motors, and planes can be comparatively rapidly produced—even in spite of incessant "improvements" ordered during production.

And finally the generally low level of competence among the manufacturers themselves. France had few modern plants compared with other countries; most of the factories were small, often family affairs, passed down to timid offspring, old-fashioned in ideas and parsimonious. Some of the more progressive attempted in the last ten years to do something in the way of modernization; but many fell prey to the horde of charlatans who had invaded the profession of industrial consultants and organization engineers, and had nothing more to show for their effort than a complete mistrust of all modern ideas. And even in the best of the large concerns there was a play of "internal politics," which appealed to outside influences, both governmental and financial. All this was quite well known and led inevitably to collapse of discipline.

In short, France fell a victim to all the political and industrial evils which can flourish in a democracy unless and until they are checked by a general patriotism based on confidence in a government of justice and fair play, equal opportunity, genuine interest in individual welfare, competence and honesty. France went the way that England would have gone but for the grace of God and the character of her people—the way it is hoped we ourselves may yet escape. But we shall escape it only by untiring vigilance and by learning from the experience of an unfortunate and great people, once as proud and as democratic as ourselves.

C. BERTRAND THOMPSON

The Californians: Storm and Steinbeck

With Hans Otto Storm and John Steinbeck, we get into more ambitious writing.[1]

The work of Mr. Storm has been presented to the public in a curious and probably misleading way. His first two books, "Pity the Tyrant" and "Made in U. S. A.," were for some reason brought out by his publishers in limited autographed editions, so that they attracted relatively little attention. They were both novelettes. "Pity the Tyrant," one of those stories about an "I" who travels and loves and runs risks and reflects with a sardonic detachment on the things that go on around him, seemed to attach itself to the general school of Hemingway. "Made in U. S. A." had no "I" and was an exercise in objectivity: a story about people on a ship worked out as a social fable. Both stories had a concentration of form and a kind of conscientiousness in their approach to experience that were rare enough to excite interest in the author.

These books were followed this fall by a very long novel, "Count Ten," which has been enormously advertised by the publishers.[2] To the surprise of Mr. Storm's readers, this book has turned out to be very much inferior to the ones that have gone before and to show what seems internal evidence of having been written earlier than they. "Count Ten" sounds like one of those autobiographical attempts at fiction that young men begin in college and that they carry around in old trunks for years, keeping them at the back of their minds as refractors for their subsequent experience and returning to them after intervals so long that the texture of the book is always changing, and that the story, when it finally appears, fluctuates between callowness and maturity, literal fact and developing invention. The characters encountered by the hero of "Count Ten" have a goofy unreality which lets us down in an embarrassing way after the pretty well observed social types of Mr. Storm's other novels; and the book is full of violent incidents which occur, as it were, offstage, in the blank lines between one chapter and the next, and which have no real emotional effect on what follows. The hero preserves a certain consistency; but the story of his adventures rambles on with no proportion, composition or climax, and with only the loosest pattern. The writing, too, is far below the level of the author's earlier published novels. His style has always been hampered by an uncertainty about idiomatic English and a proclivity for German locutions, and, though his instinct for expressing himself has its own kind of sensitive precision, his language is always here a little cockeyed.

[1] This is the third of a series of articles dealing with a group of American novelists, which includes also James M. Cain, John O'Hara and William Saroyan.

[2] Count Ten, by Hans Otto Storm. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 623 pages. $2.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet "Count Ten" is not uninteresting to read. Implausible though a good deal of it is, it has unmistakably real experience behind it. And the experience of Mr. Storm is of a kind rather unusual in our fiction. In the first place, Mr. Storm, though a radical, is not, like so many other writers, a radical of the depression vintage. Of German stock, he is the offspring—one gathers from "Count Ten"—of refugees of 1848 settled in Southern California. The hero of his novel, at any rate, begins by going to jail for resisting the draft in the last war and ends by going to jail again as the result of his activities as campaign manager for a movement based on Upton Sinclair's EPIC. He has, in the meantime, had a successful career as an agent of the mining interests. Mr. Storm's point of view as a radical is distinctly different from that of the ordinary California Communist: he is both practically more sophisticated and historically better informed.

And Mr. Storm is unusual in another way. Most such autobiographical novels tell the stories of young men who want to be writers, and they do not as a rule get far from the literary life itself. But Mr. Storm is neither a journalist nor a script writer, not a man who has made his living by writing at all: he is a trained engineer; and his hero builds and flies planes, works on a construction gang, sails a ship, runs a furniture business in which he manufactures the furniture himself, and becomes a mining prospector in South America. An engineer who goes in for literature is such a novelty that Mr. Storm is able to carry us with him because we have never heard precisely his story before. His writing about the sea—in "Made in U.S.A." and in the episode of the yacht in "Count Ten"—without the parade of technical knowledge which is the betrayal of the layman in Kipling, gives us a much more intimate sense of living the life of the ship than we get from "The Ship That Found Herself" or "The Devil and the Deep Sea."

Add to this picture—to this first-hand knowledge of aspects of American life which few American writers have—a mentality which is culturally closer to Europe than that of most American writers (there is a suggestion of Conrad about him); and you get something quite unique in our fiction. He has so far, it seems to me, found his most successful expression in "Pity the Tyrant." Both the earlier published books show an application of engineering aptitude to the technique of constructing novels which is strangely absent in "Count Ten"; but "Pity the Tyrant" has a freshness and a vividness which Mr. Storm has not quite commanded elsewhere. The South American episodes in "Count Ten" sound like mere juvenile sketches for it. Here in this story of an American engineer involved in a Peruvian revolution and sore perplexed between his job, his political ideals and a love affair with a South American lady, Mr. Storm does succeed in dramatizing one of those cases of social conscience which do not come off so well in "Count Ten." Here he really attains intensity; and the story belongs to the top layer of this tradition of American story-telling.

John Steinbeck is also a native Californian, and he has occupied himself more with the life of the state than any of these other writers. His exploration in his novels of the Salinas Valley has been more thoroughgoing and tenacious than anything of the kind in our contemporary fiction except Faulkner's intensive cultivation of the state of Mississippi.

And what has Mr. Steinbeck found in this region he knows so well? I believe that his virtuosity in a purely technical way has tended to obscure his themes. He has published eight volumes of fiction, which represent a great variety of forms and which have therefore seemed to people to be written from a variety of points of view. "Tortilla Flat" was a comic idyll, with the simplification almost of a folk tale; "In Dubious Battle" was a strike novel, centering around Communist organizers and following a fairly conventional pattern; "Of Mice and Men" was a compact little drama, contrived with almost too much cleverness, and a parable which criticized humanity from a non-political point of view; "The Long Valley" was a series of short stories, dealing mostly with animals, in which poetic symbols were presented in realistic settings and built up with concrete detail; "The Grapes of Wrath" was a propaganda novel, full of preachments and sociological interludes, and developed on an epic scale. Thus attention has been diverted from the content of Mr. Steinbeck's work by the fact that whenever he appears, he puts on a different kind of show. He is such an accomplished performer that he has been able to hold people's interest by the story he is telling at the moment without their inquiring what is behind it.

This variability of the form itself is probably an indication that Mr. Steinbeck has never yet found the right artistic medium for what he wants to say. But there is in his fiction as a whole a substratum which does remain constant and which gives it a certain basic seriousness that that of the mere performer does not have. What is constant in Mr. Steinbeck is his preoccupation with biology. He is a biologist in the literal sense that he interests himself in biological research. The biological laboratory in the short story called "The Snake" is obviously something which he knows at first hand and for which he has a strong special feeling; and it is one of the peculiarities of his vocabulary that it runs to biological terms. But the laboratory described in "The Snake," the tight little building over the water, where the scientist feeds white rats to rattlesnakes and fertilizes starfish ova, is also one of the key images of his fiction. It is the symbol of his tendency in his stories to present life in animal terms.

Mr. Steinbeck almost always in his fiction is dealing either with the lower animals or with human beings so

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rudimentary that they are almost on the animal level; and the close relationship of the people with the animals equals even the zoöphilia of D. H. Lawrence and David Garnett. In "Tortilla Flat," there are the Pirate's dogs, with which he lives in a kennel and which have caused him practically to forget human relationships. In "In Dubious Battle," there is another character whose personality is confused with that of his dogs. In "The Grapes of Wrath," the journey of the Joads is figured at the beginning by the progress of a turtle, and it is accompanied and parodied all the way by animals, insects and birds. When the expropriated sharecroppers are compelled to abandon their farm in Oklahoma, we get an extended picture of the invasion of the house by the bats, the weasels, the owls, the mice, and the pet cats that have gone back to the wild. Lennie in "Of Mice and Men" likes to carry around animal pets, toward which as well as toward human beings he has murderous animal instincts. The stories in "The Long Valley" are almost entirely about animals and plants; and Mr. Steinbeck does not have the effect, as Lawrence or Kipling does, of romantically raising the animals to the stature of human beings, but rather of assimilating the human beings to animals. "The Chrysanthemums," "The White Quail" and "The Snake" deal with women who identify themselves with respectively chrysanthemums, a white quail and a snake. In "Flight," a young Mexican boy, who has killed a man and run away into the mountains, is finally reduced to a state so close to that of the beasts that he is taken by a mountain lion for one of themselves; and in the fantasy of "Saint Katy the Virgin," where a bad pig is made to repent and become a saint, the result is not to dignify the animal as the "Little Flowers of Saint Francis" do with the Wolf of Agubbio, for example, but to reduce human religion to absurdity.

The chief subject of Mr. Steinbeck's fiction has been thus not those aspects of humanity in which it is most thoughtful, imaginative, constructive, but rather the processes of life itself. In the natural course of nature, living organisms are continually being destroyed, and among the principal things that destroy them are the predatory appetite and the competitive instinct that are necessary for the very survival of eating and breeding things. This impulse of the killer has been preserved in a simpleton like Lennie in a form in which it is almost innocent; and yet Lennie has learned from his more highly developed friend that to yield to it is to do something "bad." In his struggle against the instinct, he loses. Is Lennie bad or good? He is betrayed as, Mr. Steinbeck implies, all our human intentions are: by the uncertainties of our animal nature.

And it is only, as a rule, on this primitive level that Mr. Steinbeck deals with moral questions: the virtues like the crimes for Mr. Steinbeck are still a part of these planless and almost aimless, of these almost unconscious, processes of life. The preacher in "The Grapes of Wrath" is disillusioned about the human moralities, and his sermon at the grave of Grampa Joad, so lecherous and mean during his lifetime, evidently gives expression to Mr. Steinbeck's point of view: "This here ol' man jus' lived a life an' jus' died out of it. I don't know whether he was good or bad, but that don't matter much. He was alive, an' that's what matters. An' now he's dead, an' that don't matter. Heard a fella tell a poem one time, an' he says 'All that lives is holy.'"

The subject of "The Grapes of Wrath," which is supposed to deal with human society, is the same as that of "The Red Pony," which is supposed to deal with horses: loyalty to life itself. The men who feel the responsibility for having let the red pony die must retrieve themselves by sacrificing the mare in order to bring a new pony into life. And so Rose of Sharon Joad, with her undernourished baby born dead, must give her milk, in the desolate barn which is all she has left for a shelter, to another wretched victim of famine and flood, on the point of death from starvation. To what good that ponies and Okies should continue to live on the earth? "And I wouldn' pray for a ol' fella that's dead," the preacher goes on to say. "He's awright. He got a job to do, but it's all laid out for 'im an' there's on'y one way to do it. But us, we got a job to do, an they's a thousan' ways, an' we don' know which one to take. An' if I was to pray, it'd be for the folks that don't know which way to turn."

This preacher who has lost his religion does find a way to turn: he becomes a labor agitator; and this theme has already been dealt with more fully in the earlier novel, "In Dubious Battle." But what differentiates Mr. Steinbeck's picture of a labor movement with radical leadership from most books on such subjects of its period is again the biological point of view. The strike leaders, here as in other novels, are Communists, but the book is not really based on the formulas of Communist ideology. The kind of character produced by the Communist movement and the Communist strategy in strikes (of the Communism of the day before yesterday) are *described* by Mr. Steinbeck, and they are described with a certain amount of admiration; yet the party member of "In Dubious Battle" does not talk like a Marxist of even the Stalinist revision. The cruelty of these self-immolating revolutionists is not palliated any more than the cruelty of the half-witted Lennie; and we are made to feel throughout that we are witnessing examples of human behavior from which the only conclusion that the author seems confident in drawing is that this is how life in our age is behaving. There is developed in the course of the book—especially by a fellow-traveler doctor who seems to come closer than the Communist to expressing Mr. Steinbeck's own ideas—a whole philosophy of "groupman" as an "animal."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It might be like this, Mac: When group-man wants to move, he makes a standard. 'God wills that we recapture the Holy Land'; or he says 'We fight to make the world safe for democracy'; or he says, 'We will wipe out social injustice with communism.' But the group doesn't care about the Holy Land, or Democracy, or Communism. Maybe the group simply wants to move, to fight, and uses these words simply to reassure the brains of individual men. . . ."

"How do you account for people like me, directing things, moving things? That puts your group-man out."

"You might be an effect as well as a cause, Mac. You might be an expression of group-man, a cell endowed with a special function, like an eye cell, drawing your force from group-man, and at the same time directing him, like an eye. Your eye both takes orders from and gives orders to your brain."

"This isn't practical," Mac said disgustedly. "What's all this kind of talk got to do with hungry men, with lay-offs and unemployment?"

"It might have a great deal to do with them. It isn't a very long time since tetanus and lockjaw were not connected. There are still primitives in the world who don't know children are the result of intercourse. Yes, it might be worth while to know more about group-man, to know his nature, his ends, his desires. They're not the same as ours. The pleasure we get in scratching an itch causes death to a great number of cells. Maybe group-man gets pleasure when individual men are wiped out in a way."

Later, when the mob of striking fruit-pickers begins to get out of hand, the Communists themselves begin to think of them in these infra-human terms:

"They're down there now. God, Mac, you ought to of seen them. It was like all of them disappeared, and it was just one big animal, going down the road. Just all one animal." . . .

"The *animal* don't want the barricade. I don't know what it wants. Trouble is, guys that study people always think it's men, and it isn't men. It's a different kind of animal. It's as different from men as dogs are. Jim, it's swell when we can use it, but we don't know enough. When it gets started it might do anything."

So the old pioneer of "The Leader of the People" describes the westward migration which he led as "a whole bunch of people made into one big crawling beast. . . . Every man wanted something for himself, but the big beast that was all of them wanted only westering."

This animalizing tendency of Mr. Steinbeck's is, I believe, at the bottom of his relative unsuccess at representing human beings.

The *paisanos* of "Tortilla Flat" are really not quite human beings: they are cunning little living dolls who amuse us like pet guinea-pigs or rabbits. A special convention has been created to remove them from kinship with the author and the reader. In "The Grapes of Wrath," on the other hand, Mr. Steinbeck has summoned all his resources to make the reader feel his human relationship with the family of dispossessed farmers; yet the effect of this, too, is not quite real. The characters of "The Grapes of Wrath" are animated and put through their paces rather than brought to life; they are like excellent character actors giving very conscientious performances in a fairly well written play. Their dialect is well done, but they talk stagy; and, in spite of Mr. Steinbeck's attempts to make them figure as heroic human symbols, you cannot help feeling that they, too, do not quite exist seriously for him as people. It is as if human sentiments and speeches had been assigned to a flock of lemmings on their way to throw themselves into the sea.

I do not mean to say, however, that this picture of human beings as lemmings hasn't its partial validity or its pertinence at the present time. In our time, Shakespeare's angry ape, drest in his little brief authority, seems to make of all the rest of mankind angry apes or cowering rodents. The one thing that was imagined with intensity in Aldous Huxley's novel of last autumn was the eighteenth-century exploiter of the slave trade degenerating into a fetal anthropoid. All the world is today full of people like the Joads deprived of the dignity of a human society, as they had previously been deprived of the dignity of human work, and made to flee from their houses like prairie-dogs driven before a prairie fire.

Huxley has a good deal to say, as our American Humanists did, about the importance of distinguishing clearly between the human and the animal levels; and, like the Humanists, he has been frightened back into one of those synthetic moral cults which do duty for our evaporated religions. The doctor in "In Dubious Battle" deprecates even those elements of religion that have entered into the labor cause; and he takes no stock in the utopianism of the Communists.

For myself, I prefer Mr. Steinbeck's naturalistic point of view toward the animal-man to Mr. Huxley's mysticism. We may conceivably learn something and get somewhere by studying humanity in a biological spirit; I am skeptical about our doing either by the methods of self-contemplation advocated by Mr. Huxley.

For the rest, Mr. Steinbeck has invention, observation, a certain color of style which for some reason does not possess what is called magic. I have not read the first three of his novels, but none of the ones that I have read seems to me precisely first-rate. "Tortilla Flat"—perhaps by reason of the very limitations of its convention—seems artistically his most successful production. Yet there is behind the journalism, the theatricalism and the tricks of most of his other books something that does seem first-rate in its seriousness, in its unpanicky questioning of life.

If his work is somehow unsatisfactory, there are perhaps other special causes, which we shall consider in our summing-up.

EDMUND WILSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Notes

Jellicoe at Detroit

WORD HAS COME from Detroit of some of the hazards facing the new central planning group of the automobile industry. As explained in these Notes at the time, this group was informally set up about a month ago by Mr. Knudsen to work out techniques for the mass production of military planes. The decisions that the Detroit designers are being called on to make seem baldly frightening. In 1914-18, Lord Jellicoe, commander of the British fleet, was habitually spoken of as the man who could lose the War in an afternoon. Our experts are in a similar position.

The job of the Detroit group is to simplify and integrate airplane blueprints so that machines can substitute for handwork. Necessarily there is a risk, with each change, that the plane's fighting qualities will be affected. Whether or not this is so can really be tested only by building a so-called prototype machine and flying it in the death-filled European skies. But to do this would mean a delay of eight, ten months, perhaps longer. The whole purpose of the Detroit planning board would be nullified.

Authorities here say that the air fighting in Europe last summer showed the enormous risks in mass production. The Germans had an approximation of true mass production; the English didn't. The design for the German fighter went up before Mr. Hitler and his immediate advisers, and they decided on speed as the one quality to be sought. So the German factories swung into production of the Messerschmitt 109, faster than anything the British possessed, but impossibly difficult to maneuver. Last August, as the world knows, the British Hurricanes and Spitfires shot down Germany's force of Messerschmitts almost at will. Mr. Hitler had made a mistake, and until the whole German production program had been altered, nothing could be done about it. Mass production is a riddle that has no good answer. Without it, the United States will never be able to provide the planes necessary for a British victory. But one serious mistake in design, necessarily multiplied thousands of times, will be almost irretrievable.

NDAC officials fear an inflationary rise in the general price level almost as much as a German invasion, and it is understood that they have under consideration a far-reaching plan to prevent it. According to the proposed plan, the government would accumulate supplies of the chief raw materials. Then, if a sudden, suspicious-looking jump in the price of a commodity should occur, the government would throw its holdings on the market and drive the price of that commodity back to its former position. It is suggested that a start be made with steel scrap. A second candidate is lumber. The chief occasion so far when prices seemed to be getting out of hand was when the army, last August and September, bought lumber for cantonments. It is noted that in Canada, where the government operated a lumber pool, no such difficulty arose.

NDAC experts are beginning to worry about copper. There is an excise tax on copper: by removing it, we would make it possible for generous supplies of Chilean copper to enter our markets. Probably this act would solve the problem of South Pacific air and naval bases, and would bind Chile to us indissolubly. Equally it would provoke riotous complaints from our own Western mining states. It is a delicate problem, which may become acute in the near future.

The behavior of Congress since the election is something not easily explained. First, the House, in flat defiance of Mr. Roosevelt's known wishes, refused to agree to adjournment until January; then the Senate, over the tired pleas of Majority Leader Barkley, merrily passed the Walter-Logan bill, the avowed purpose of which is to detooth such New Deal agencies as the National Labor Relations Board. If there had been no election, or if Mr. Willkie had won, it is hard to imagine how Congress could have acted much differently. Speaker Rayburn indicated that he was bewildered by his charges; Senator Barkley was too sunk in gloom to show any emotion whatever.

In all frankness, the prospect for the future is not pretty. No one can reasonably dispute that Mr. Roosevelt's selection of dear Alben Barkley as Senate leader, back in 1937, was a major mistake. Mr. Barkley can just about control his own vote, and that is all. The militant, hard-driving majority whip, Senator Minton, has been defeated. The third member of the supposed administration leadership in the Senate, Mr. Jimmy Byrnes of South Carolina, is an inbred compromiser; it was due to his urgings, just a year ago, for instance, that Mr. Roosevelt backed down on the repeal of the Neutrality Act. The new head of the Foreign Relations Committee, Mr. George of Georgia, an expurgee, does not trouble to disguise his hostility to Mr. Roosevelt. Senator Harrison, head of the all-powerful Finance Committee, is utterly unamenable to New Deal discipline. In the whole Senate, there are really only two men ready to fight on behalf of the President, Messrs. Pepper of Florida and Hill of Alabama. Second-rank leaders would perhaps be Messrs. Mead of New York, Guffey of Pennsylvania and Lee of Oklahoma. When you reflect that Mr. Roosevelt has just won the most spectacular popular victory in our entire political history, this state of affairs would seem to have something wrong about it.

A movement is afoot to make Representative Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas a sort of super-liaison man between the White House and the Democratic Party. Mr. Johnson is an authentic child prodigy. Just thirty-two, he is the political son of Speaker Rayburn, which makes him a political grand-nephew of Vice President Garner and acceptable to all Democratic factions in Congress. However, alone of the Texas delegation in the House, he is a dedicated New Dealer, stoutly loyal to Mr. Roosevelt. In the recent campaign, he worked to bring about the reelection of a Democratic House, and, according to report, was about twice as effective as the whole of Representative Drewry's official Democratic Congressional Committee. Very little can be done to increase the New Deal's influence in the next session's Senate, where place is determind by seniority. But it is of the utmost importance that men like Mr. Johnson are helped to obtain fat committee assignments in the coming House.

Washington T. R. B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Day Must Come

The Corn Is Green, by Emlyn Williams. National Theatre, November 26, 1940.

MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS is notably remembered for his writing and acting in "Night Must Fall," done here four seasons ago and afterward in Hollywood. That was a consistently and curiously original play, macabre, elusive and compelling—with mysterious murder its end and with tone and atmosphere as its medium. This later play is, except for the methods of character drawing, entirely another matter.

"The Corn Is Green" is at least partially reminiscent of the Manchester School of drama, with overtones now and then of the Irish Theatre. There are passages of genuine and confessed poetry, Celtic with that note of passing wings, that Mr. Williams brings with him doubtless out of Wales. A portion of this sort of drama is realistic, working with surface facts, whether they be crude, or homely and everyday. But the whole sum is not realism at all, it is pushed up into the theatric, full of limelighted figures and traits, amusing combinations, eccentricities and situations, with that constant leaning toward caricature so familiar to the British stage and so happily within the special scope of British acting. Combined with these in Mr. Williams' play is a social theme, a text. It has a core of problem, as it were, in the conditions among the miners of this Welsh village, the owners, overlords, the wretched slavery, and the need for enlightenment, et cetera, among the miners.

Such a mixture of elements and qualities, so characteristic of modern British plays of serious intentions, would prevent "The Corn Is Green" from ranking as serious drama except as of a middle plane of seriousness. That should be obvious. This level of the serious, however, has its place and its definite appeal, sometimes as here on a fine basis. Furthermore the author has added to the whole play something deeply felt, and perhaps personal, that gives it more lift, refinement and intensity. The play itself is often slow and seems to drag on our full attention. Its best moments, the Oxford examination scene, for example, are original and are stirringly dramatic.

The story is of a middle-aged spinster, Miss Moffat, who founds a school for the Welsh miners' children, discovers a boy of talent, overcomes local opposition, coaches him for an Oxford competition, which he wins. She adopts his child by the cook's daughter, sends him out into the world for the light's sake; the school goes on.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's performance is noble and witty and tender, not to speak of a presence that even in Miss Moffat's plainness is as superb as ever. I would suggest one thing. If in Act I this bold-minded and surprising—to put it mildly—personage could have more of the wit and edge and spirits that come so easily to Miss Barrymore, the play's more intense and serious requirements later on would gain by it. Mr. Edmond Breon, well known in London and in the films but seen now on Broadway for the first time, gives a thoroughgoing performance of the squire, capital English acting. And Mr. Richard Waring is excellent as the young scholar, especially in the earlier and rougher moments, when his playing is violent, direct and poetic. Mr. Shumlin has directed the play with devoted care all through. His casting generally is unusually good, and notably so in the case of Miss Rosalind Ivan as Mrs. Watty, reformed pickpocket, salvationist and housekeeper, and Miss Thelma Schnee as her loose daughter.

STARK YOUNG

Make Your Own Movie

"ANGELS OVER BROADWAY" was written, produced and directed by the ex-writer Ben Hecht. It has excitement, fast talk, some knowable people, cynicism and sentiment. It is different, if you like to think of one Ben Hecht picture as different from another, for the man has a formula no less artificial or more true than any standard problem-plot. Between one evening and the next morning three widely assorted strangers are brought together in a scheme to save a little man from suicide by promoting the money he has been caught embezzling; one is a broken playwright, working for his D. T.; the second is a hard Broadway young man, a part-time steerer for one of the important poker games; the third is a girl who is a good girl but footlight-happy, and mostly stands around.

Open on New York in the rain, a soliloquy by the sharp young man, mostly about the rain, the suckers, his last seven bucks, his next lucky seven, the suckers let it rain on them. Follow him, pick up a sign Engle & Co. and leave him for Engle's office upstairs, where the little man is at the end of his rope, though not literally, as he has chosen the hard way. So cut to one of the bridges. But here the copper on the beat has not yet holed up for the night, so pick up the little man, dazed, wondering into a night spot to spend the time. Everything from here on is either the night club, on-stage at the folded play, or the hotel of the gambling ring, where there is mounting suspense and a free-for-all. Cut to next morning in court; to next morning in a coffee stand; to the street outside for the last scene, in the sunlight. Each of the four has been given a new lease on life, and the young man with the answers and the asphalt heart has been regenerated.

That is the framework of it, and the depth too, and about all it has as motion picture. Ben Hecht is one of the first-rate screen writers when he is working in Hollywood proper, and under someone else; and you might expect him to have acquired some of the difference between a play and a picture purely by unconscious absorption. But the minute he gets off by himself he has the same old picnic: people begin to talk and things not to happen. Two faces, three faces, interminably, always talking and not always to much purpose. And by "much purpose" I mean that he is not sacrificing a fluid progression in order to get large effects or build characters out of rock: he establishes a man in a certain attitude and then, to get him out of the way of the plot or the plot out of its own way, he stands him on the trap door, and picks up the switch.

Accepting this and not asking for more, you will find the picture pretty good fun, for the talk *is* bright and the various complications well devised—the poker game, in fact, is a first-rate movie sequence all around. Thomas Mitchell as the genial has-been and ham Good Fairy steals the show: the part is juicy, but beyond that he is a character of weight and address and rolling periods, with humor and sensitive perception under that. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. does

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a sustained and sustaining piece of work on a character better realized than conceived: he has a graceful talent, ease and much wisdom in how to get around. John Qualen was the third person and should be mentioned; Rita Hayworth as the fourth probably shouldn't.

The encouraging thing about a picture like this, with its absence of epic and a cast of thousands, is that it is like a carpenter puttering around in his own shop. Men who can learn the ropes and get into Hecht's position can do as much for movies as anybody; there is still the opportunity for opening windows and letting the air in—a vital thing in this magnificent and terrible industry, even if it is only hot air. If you don't need encouragement but only a way to spend an evening, why that's here too. In movies, if stern yearners would some day realize it, that has to be here too.

So You're Going to Have a Movie, or, One Hundred Hints to Expectant Directors. – There are no funny pictures around to see now; the Marx Brothers are absent, the Wiere Brothers have been lost sight of, the Ritz Brothers should have been. (Those who think that Olsen, Jolson, Johnson and Cantor are funny men can leave the room.) W. C. Fields is resting on one elbow; Allen, Benny and Hope are tied up on the air; Rags Raglan has left Forty-second Street and got himself a job; and Chaplin and Disney have made a balloon ascension to upper-case. So as an exercise in the visual arts while we're waiting, make your own comedy sequence, why not.

Characters: three beds, two Marx Brothers, asleep. Also a phone-booth interior, a Dialing Hand, a bedside phone, a large vase or jug. (These are merely properties and do not necessarily resemble any coincidence or appear all at the same time.)

Scene 1; Take 1. The Dialing Hand drops a nickel into the phone and starts to work dialing. Cut to bedroom: three beds, one, two, three; two Marx Brothers (sleeping), one, two. The phone rings. (We get this from the sound track.) No motion. Rings again. No change. Rings again. The same: peace, tranquility. Cut back to phone-booth interior. No peace here. Hand shakes instrument violently to see if nickel will refund. No refund. Goes to pocket and comes back with large coin; drops coin in 25-cent slot. On the sound track an extra loud and significant BONG and a jingle. Dissolve into:

Close-up of phone in bedroom, moving back to show three beds, two Marx Brothers (as before), one large vase or jug, preferably about three feet tall, fat and well foliaged with nymphs, branches and garden produce, on a stand a little above and midway between beds 1 and 2. Or, Marx Brothers 1 and 2. Or just midway. Insert shot of hand in phone booth dialing last number. Cut back to medium shot, bedroom, showing phone, jug, M. B. number one, asleep.

Phone goes off, but this time *bang*. Not a ring, an explosion, with smoke. It's loaded! It's a disguised revolver like in the camera assassination from "Foreign Correspondent." It is pointed straight at the vase or other large receptacle, and this now *shatters* like a bomb, taking it big. It's a shambles! Camera moves back out of the smoke and debris a little, shows M. B. number two still asleep, M. B. number one reaching sleepily for phone. Title: "Eh?"

He looks at bed number three (close-up of bed number three, empty); yawns. Title:

"No. No, he's not in yet." Puts phone back, yawns, gets back under covers; long sigh and silence, peace, tranquility.

Camera pans a little, moves in to M. B. number two, who reaches automatically and sleepily out of bed to grope on the floor beside. Brings up another vase or jug, a duplicate. With a tremendous effort but his eyes still shut, he places the new vase or vahz on the wall stand. It's reloaded! He goes back under covers, cuddling pillow; long sigh and silence, peace, tranquility as we:

Fade slowly, music up on the soundtrack, probably Ave Maria.

I know, but on the screen it might still be funny and it wouldn't have to run more than seventy-five feet. (There must be someone out there, I can hear people breathing.) And next time, operatic tragedy having got as dull on us as comedy has, I will give you the complete scenario of Grace Moore as Little Eva crossing the ice cubes in full bay. I have always wanted to do a vehicle for La Moore, and now I think, things being as slack as they are, I'll run her up a tumbril.

OTIS FERGUSON

Frank Lloyd Wright

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART in New York City is now holding a retrospective exhibit of the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, and I am one who feels that this is a fine thing to do. The exhibit doesn't tell us very much that is new about Mr. Wright, but all the old things are here once again—his glass and steel skyscraper, his long, low houses, set into the landscape until they seem to grow out of it as naturally as a boulder; his famous earthquake-proof Imperial Hotel in Tokyo; his great scheme for the city of the future, which would require a complete revolution in economics, transportation and other things. Not sufficient prominence, in my opinion, was given to his exciting new plan for the community church in Kansas City. This church (as recently described in Time) will be long and low like all his buildings; has three big decks for automobile parking; no windows; full air-conditioning winter and summer; space before the chancel for a symphony orchestra; no radiators, but heating pipes set in the floor; no steeple, but a group of floodlights directed upward; cantilever construction; walls of steel props interwoven with laths of steel and paper, covered with cement sprayed from a nozzle at high pressure. The exhibit was studded with indignant placards by Mr. Wright himself, predicting the ultimate triumph of intelligence but ruefully admitting that the fools are still in the saddle. (He scolds the Federal Housing Project for not having brains enough to lend money for a group of houses he designed for some college professors.) It is pleasant to discover that the only American architect with a great, worldwide reputation is still on his feet, full of bounce and zingo.

All his friends tell you that you can't understand Wright until you have seen him in the beautiful house he built for himself on the crest of a hill at Spring Green, Wisconsin. It is called Taliesin—the Welsh word for "shining brow"—and it houses the school Wright founded as his protest against traditionalism in education.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He works hard for his thirty pupils, playing a combination role of master craftsman, revered inspiration and lecturer on all subjects. And his "apprentices" work hard, too, at the chores and lessons for which they pay. They concentrate with equal zeal on tarring the roof, painting the Wisconsin hills, cleaning carrots in the kitchen or, after supper, absorbing the physics of cantilever construction.

Taliesin is alive and busy, filled with the noise of young men and women working and playing with intense enjoyment. The great architect, with the big head and the shaggy crop of flowing, uncut white hair, dominates every minute of every apprentice's day. Taliesin is peaceful and, in the cluttered fashion of a creative workshop, orderly. It is hard to believe this is the place the newspapers have so sullied since the terrible night when a crazy Negro butler murdered seven people and set the building on fire.

If Frank Lloyd Wright ever dies (and it seems improbable that he ever will), the newspaper obituaries will be shameful. They will try, with the right note of dignity, to describe the power and influence of his architectural genius. They will explain about the hotel in Tokyo and how the earthquake of 1920 failed to crack its masonry; how he fought against all that lacked sense or purpose in the business of building homes, offices, factories and cities. But at every other paragraph the obituary writers will fall to the discussion of his troubles with women, the conventions he broke and the misery it brought him.

Only within the past ten years has the public, as distinct from the architects and students who borrowed his ideas and were influenced by his thoughts, taken to praising Frank Lloyd Wright. Everyone—critics, universities, biographers, feature-story writers—is now in the contest to produce the most flattering slogan to describe him: "Father of Modern Architecture," "Greatest Living Architect," etc. They have talked about him like that for thirty years in Europe and Asia, of course, but only recently in America.

It makes an important difference how they talk about you. Other artists, dealing in simpler forms, can starve peacefully in their garrets and concentrate hard on the thought of posthumous fame, but an architect with no buildings to build is nothing. He must meet and deal with the men who have the money to build. He must be given the chance to apply his inventiveness to solving an assigned, specific problem.

Frank Lloyd Wright did not build a sizable structure in the United States from the night the murders took place in 1914 until 1937 when the Johnson Wax Company commissioned him to do their plant in Racine, Wisconsin. He built only private houses, for more than 150 clients, rich enough to afford the services of an imaginative architect yet human enough to overlook his newspaper reputation.

The greatest living architect, an American, is seventy-one years old. He has been working at his profession since 1888. And yet there is not a single product of his draughting board in New York City, nor further East than Buffalo. He was not invited to take part in either the Chicago World's Fair or the New York World's Fair, whose architects, one and all, paid him the tribute of using the style he pioneered. The praises now heaped upon him come late and a trifle too feverishly, as if from a sense of guilt.

No wonder Frank Lloyd Wright is angry. The captions which explain the exhibits in his current show at the Museum of Modern Art express his justifiable indignation at the way he has been treated. He scolds at style and fashion, at irrelevant furniture and the FHA. Most of all, he hates cities.

"Broadacre City," which is hardly a city at all, is the dream he would substitute for places like New York. It is cosy and little and decentralized, combining all at once Major Douglas' Social Credit, freedom for living and a way to beat Hitler. There are no politicians in Broadacre City, no policemen, nor a traffic problem, no poles, wires, smoke, headlights or radio advertising, no slum, no scum.

People look at the model and say Wright must be crazy. He proposes to change everything yet ignores the problem of getting from this to that. Frank Lloyd Wright admits he does not know how to achieve his dream. He confesses to the "sin" of dreaming. It is good that such a genius for crazy dreams is here. BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

The Bandwagon

For Sale—A violin, by a young man in good condition, except for a loose peg in the head. – *Advertisement in The Wabash, Minnesota, Herald.*

The street was unusually empty as Lord Trenchard, former commissioner of London's police, walked down it.

"When I got to the end," he recounted today, "a policeman saluted me and said: 'You walked over a time bomb, sir.' "

"Why didn't you stop me?" Lord Trenchard asked.

"Oh, we recognized you, sir," the policeman replied. – *AP dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.*

Who Wouldn't?

Prominent among the would-be appeasers of Hitler, with whom he had several cordial meetings in the course of visits to Germany, he [Lord Rothermere] lived to recognize that appeasement was hopeless and the war he had dreaded inevitable. To meet his end far from its horrors in the peaceful seclusion of Bermuda is perhaps what he himself would have wished. – *From the obituary in The New York Times.*

Fifth Column?

Powder Plant Goes Up Soon. – *Headline in The Chicago Tribune.*

Happy New Year!

WANTED—A salesgirl; must be respectable till after Christmas. – *From classified ads in The Belen, New Mexico, News.*

Strange Bedfellows

Gifts of Futility and Service. – *Headline of advertisement of Guenther's Hardware Store in The Owensboro, Kentucky, Messenger.*

Cupboard-Was-Bare-Department

The savage bombing of the ancient city of Coventry, through whose streets Lady Godiva once rode uninhabited by clothing, is one of the most tragic episodes of the war. – *News story in The Austin, Texas, American.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Democracy's Opportunity

SIR: Your excellent editorial on "What the War Means" (November 25) made me think even more highly of The New Republic. You have made a splendid contribution to the thinking of America by pointing out that "the present cataclysm offers an unprecedented creative opportunity" to democracy. For too long have we liberals been bemoaning the sorry state of our world, and especially of our own segment of it, instead of seeing that only in such times of crisis is progress ever made.

As Samuel Grafton has shown in his recent book, "All Out," the greatest defense of America is democracy—and not the other way around. Democracy can be our weapon, our instrument, by which we can create a world more in keeping with the dignity of man. Let's not confuse means and ends, else we are lost: democracy is a means toward bringing about a society which will satisfy every legitimate human need. More and better education, housing for low-income groups, jobs for everyone able to work—these are all possible if the force of democracy is turned loose on our society. And this will be our greatest defense against the aggressors, for without morale and an honest-to-goodness stake in this world's goods, our whole population will have little desire to defend a way of life which at present benefits so few of them.

You can do us all a good turn by making more specific—and more detailed—the implications for America of the revolutionary changes now at work in Great Britain. How can we profit from England's awakening? Exactly what steps can we take to make our national-defense program a creative and progressive endeavor?

New York City FRANK L. HUTCHISON

Who Makes the Future?

SIR: Bruce Bliven's article, "The Men Who Make the Future" (November 18), implies that scientists make the future. As the scientists are obviously doing a magnificent job, what Mr. Bliven says gives the reader a comfortable feeling that when our civilization needs some new rabbits pulled out of the hat to save itself from the consequences of past errors, the scientists, in the role of magicians, can be relied upon to produce them.

I, too, am reasonably optimistic about their being able to do so, but the trouble with scientific rabbits out of the hat is that we are going to need not just rabbits, but rabbit stews; and cooks, not magicians, make rabbit stew. In agriculture, the cooks are the humbler researchers in the agricultural-experiment stations, the county-extension workers, and the enterprising farmers who are endlessly trying to get new scientific developments adapted to practical farming conditions, and vice versa.

In industry, the cooks are the thousands of men who work on the less spectacular applied-research problems of industry, the engineers who design new products and processes and who devise practical manufacturing methods, the business administrators and the business managers who decide when and to what extent new products and processes are to be put into general use. The scientists are not the men who make such decisions; it is mainly business men and engineers who will determine the actual effects of science upon our economy.

Mr. Bliven quotes Dr. Berl's statement that "it is foolish to use irreplaceable materials when we can get the same results by employing products of which nature furnishes us vast quantities fresh every year." Quite a number of scientists know that, but much of our agriculture and industry ignores it. It will continue to do so for a long time—until farmers and business men and engineers are so continuously conscious of it that their everyday decisions reflect it.

Norris, Tenn. JOHN P. FERRIS

Preventing the Next War in the Air

SIR: In the November 18 issue of The New Republic was an article by Julian Huxley, "Security from the Air." Surely, we Americans are not going to pour planes into Britain in order that Britain alone should have air superiority. Even with the plea that such superiority is desired for the establishment of British law and order, the suggestion of Mr. Huxley's is but the preparation for bigger and better air wars.

The emphasis must be placed unreservedly on a true international air police force with representation and influence from each national group equally in order that all may be secured from a repetition of the terrors of air warfare. The actual set-up of this international air police force, its power for police duty and its right to enforce peace or peaceful settlement of disputes between nations, as well as its political direction, must be carefully studied. It forms the groundwork for an enduring peace and for an efficient world organization.

Montclair, N. J. ELVIRA K. FRADKIN

Mr. Flynn and The New Republic

SIR: I am sorry to hear that Mr. Flynn's column is to be discontinued, and would like to be a little clearer as to whether it was his idea or the editors'.

He was prejudiced, yes, but despite—or because of—this prejudice, he gave the periodical an added perspective and balance, especially as regards the New Deal's foreign policy. I was delighted to have him "range far afield and collide head-on with the editors." It was a stimulating and wholesome performance. And if some were "bewildered" by difference of opinion in a liberal weekly, I'll bet this bewilderment was good for their souls. The New Republic is not a political organization which requires a common front to be effective. I have often remarked that the inclusion of Flynn's heretical views was a mark of the paper's real liberalism and intellectual health. Now it seems I can make this boast no longer.

Flemington, N. J. GERALD BARNES

SIR: John T. Flynn's jaunts around the country have added nothing to his confidence in the common sense of his fellow Americans. Mr. Flynn feels that when we turn on the radio we cannot be depended upon to sift truth from propaganda.

Mr. Flynn, who began by being suspicious of Roosevelt, has ended by extending his suspicions to all of us. At least I hope he has ended.

New York City F. A. SIEVERMAN JR.

SIR: John T. Flynn is as far out of line with the editorial policy of The New Republic as Oswald Garrison Villard was with the policy of The Nation. There is this difference: Villard was scrupulously honest in that he wrote his lines in The Nation as honestly and as frankly as he wrote elsewhere or spoke elsewhere. Flynn seems to pull his punches when writing for The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic, but lets loose in the inimitable Flynn manner when writing for The World-Telegram, that torchlight of liberalism in the New York press. When he speaks on the radio he is at his best and really shows how his mind works and where he belongs. He certainly does not deserve a place as a steady contributor to your weekly.

Brooklyn, N. Y. HARRY KOLDIN

SIR: On October 28, the editors of The New Republic proclaimed that "a regular columnist on a journal . . . has a right to expression of his opinion even if it disagrees with that of the owners or editors . . ." and pointed proudly to their own magazine's toleration of John Flynn in spite of variance on fundamental issues. Three weeks later Flynn's column was dropped.

John Flynn ranks today among the ablest of that dwindling number of liberally inspired critics of the President's foreign policy. I see no reason why professed liberals of any stripe should not welcome and encourage such criticism, except out of concern for their own peace of mind.

Baltimore, Md. PHILIP A. CROWL

SIR: John T. Flynn's amazing revelation that the Rhodes Scholarship is "the greatest Fifth Column in the World" has made me wonder about similar organizations. Can it be that the Guggenheim Scholarship is a Jewish plot? And all these Carnegie libraries all over the country—a subtle advertisement for Scotch whisky?

Nashville, Tenn. SLEUTH

SIR: Aren't you taking the nonconformity of John T. Flynn a little too seriously? Personally, I found him among the more stimulating features of your magazine, although I didn't always agree with him. Now that you treat him like a subversive influence and exclude him from the fold, I feel that as a subscriber you are forcing me to swallow only the approved line—a strange policy for a supposedly liberal magazine.

Only a few weeks ago, you pointed out that his presence in the magazine despite editorial disagreement was a fine illustration of working democracy.

West Philadelphia, Pa. RAY FOTHERGILL

SIR: When you stopped Mr. Flynn's column you rubbed the passover blood from your lintel. Don't you think that in these times we should cherish differences of opinion? We would rather have Mr. Flynn back in small type but with wide latitude than see him in bigger print, as you promise, but confined to a relatively unimportant assignment. The old fine type was large enough to permit us to read in it a fine intelligence, conviction and courage. We don't want to see an avenging angel flapping over the home of The New Republic, but just in case one should come around, wouldn't it be better to put back the sign of your tolerance?

Los Angeles, Cal. LOUISE PEARSON and BROADUS MITCHELL

[The New Republic has not suppressed Mr. Flynn. We shall be glad to print articles by him at any time in the field for which he was originally invited to contribute to The New Republic—that of finance and investment. On subjects as to which he and The New Republic are in complete collision we require that his material be published in the form of a communication, exactly the same requirement that exists in the case of any other material published, no matter who is the author, if it runs sharply counter to the views of the editors.

To suggest that Mr. Flynn is muzzled by this restriction is fairly ridiculous, in view of the circumstances. He is a member of the staff of Collier's Weekly, a magazine with many times our circulation. He writes a daily syndicated column published widely over the United States, especially in the Scripps-Howard

GIVE SANCTUARY TO THESE

The following is an extract from a report received from Eric G. Muggeridge, director of our work in England:

"The children seem to have settled into a life within danger. They are not afraid and when one bombardment is over they do not worry about the next one but just carry on normally!

"They have asked permission to sleep two in a bed—and it is easy to understand this. It is very nice to cuddle close to a little friend when one is awakened during the night by the boom of the big guns. It has been quite impossible to use the upper-deck bed recently as the terrific impacts threw several children out of bed—so the doubling up answers two very good purposes.

"Though things seem black, they are really not. Our work carries with it so much love and friendship, we pray that we may be able to extend it to many more children."

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children maintains and operates "Sanctuaries" for children made homeless by bombardments, on the Woodberry Down Estates in England and has recently taken over a large estate at Melton Mowbray, Waltham, England. Here children receive lodging, food, clothing and loving care. Funds are needed to maintain the "Sanctuaries"—funds for food, clothing and additional "Sanctuaries." All monies are cabled direct through the Chase National Bank of New York to our account in London and pass through no other hands. The need is truly urgent. No amount is too small. Will you help, please?

EDNA BLUE, Executive Chairman.

CO-OPERATING ORGANIZATIONS AND SPONSORS

Eleanor Roosevelt	London International Commission	J. B. Priestley
Booth Tarkington	London County Council	Helen Keller
Clifton Fadiman	British Women's Volunteers	Thomas Mann

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, Inc. NR
55 West 42nd Street, New York City LOngacre 5-1097

I wish to contribute to the upkeep of the Sanctuaries.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... **STATE**..... **DATE**.....

AMOUNT $.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newspapers. He has written a number of books, the most recent of which, "Country Squire in the White House," has been a national best-seller. He is a popular lecturer. He contributes frequently to Harper's and other magazines. In all these places we assume that he can say what he likes. In The New Republic he can also say what he likes and it can appear in the form of articles, provided it is consonant with the homogeneous body of opinion The New Republic in general represents. – THE EDITORS]

It Is China's Fourth Year

SIR: I should like the readers of The New Republic to know of the Chinese Emergency Relief Committee, now beginning its campaign for a million dollars for medical relief to those who are suffering from the war in China. This committee is composed of a group of Americans who know the fearful plight of the wounded and refugee Chinese, and of the almost total lack of all medical supplies. China was only beginning the development of modern medicine when this war with all its cruelty fell upon her. The Chinese do not complain. We hear little of their suffering. Their resistance goes on, unshakable. But eye witnesses tell us of suffering on a scale unknown even in England and Europe. We do well to send our utmost aid to England, but let us remember that China fights the same war for democracy, and that she has now entered upon the fourth year of this war.

The China Emergency Relief Committee, the Graybar Building, New York City, will receive any funds from those who wish to express thus their friendship toward China. All funds will be spent in the United States for drugs and medical supplies, which will be sent to the neediest places in China.

PEARL S. BUCK, Chairman

New York City

The War Behind the Headlines

SIR: Here's a "retraction" for you, and one that I am wholeheartedly glad to be making. Democracy doesn't *die* when war comes. It takes a lot of hefty wallops, but it doesn't die, not if there is enough fine fighting spirit in the individual members of the citizenry—even a small group of them.

Thanks for printing my letter about the arrest of anti-fascists in Britain. It was written to you in May when the thing happened and didn't reach you until September (and has only just arrived back here). But during the months between, things were happening. I said in that letter that the general public seemed "too war-scared to protest." Well it was, most of it. But there were the *others*. And such a growing shout of indignation began to go up that something was actually done about it. We wrote letters, scores of them, to all the freedom-loving, vocal, liberal-minded M. P.'s that we knew about—D. N. Pritt, Vernon Bartlett, Dingle Foot, Gallagher, Ellen Wilkinson, Eleanor Rathbone, Edith Summerskill and others—there's a good long list of them and they're doing great work. Questions were asked in Parliament, conditions in the internment camps were investigated —they certainly needed to be. Lord (China Commission) Lytton was one of the most active in helping.

Finally it began to penetrate the minds of the Powers That Be that the most progressive portion of the citizenry was not pleased. And gradually, first one by one and then in greater numbers, the proved anti-Nazis began to be released—but not before many of them had been shipped off to Australia, and some tragically lost on the torpedoed Arandora Star. However, our particular protegé, Karl of the International Brigade, came home to us again. So perhaps our Sanctuary Ring means something, after all. The curfew on foreigners (including Americans) was extended from 8 P.M. to 10 P.M., which was an improvement, at least.

And if these happenings have a meaning it is that there are *two* wars going on, the one that hits the headlines and fills the papers and the other the fight for freedom, civil rights, individual integrity and liberty. And though the spectacular one is what catches the attention of the average spectator, it is the other one which should appeal to readers of The New Republic. Because it is on the steady growth of that spirit in a reawakened Britain that the future of freedom depends. And it is growing. Wish us luck!

Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland CHRISTINE H. STURGEON

From The New Republic Mail Bag

We wish that more people would quarrel with us about the poetry we publish. It's a fairly safe bet that anyone who wants to fight about a poem is a poet. Angry poets write with a great deal of drive, even if illegibly. Mr. O'Neil wrote us from Highland Park, New York, not making his first name clear, about Hortense Landauer Sanger's poem, "Grant Wood's America" [The New Republic, November 18]: "I just have to write this. What the hell is Grant Wood's America? Is it different or could it be different from anybody else's? I always understood verse had to have rhythm. Where is there any rhythm in this composition? '*The trees are geometrical in the meadow.*' I have never seen or heard of a geometrical tree." Consulting the spirits of Sappho, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth, Mr. O'Neil says that our poets are insane—or on to an easy way of making money. Our poets will be glad to know about the last part of that idea and we broadcast it in the same spirit in which they will receive it.

George Beattie, of Toronto, Canada, referring to the sentence in M. W. Fodor's "Rehearsal on the Channel" (October 21), "North American iron-ore resources will be exhausted by 1960 . . . ," gives us some solid information: "American engineers, scientists and industrialists are very much interested in the recent discovery of a body of iron ore right at the head of the Great Lakes shipping routes—at Steep Rock Lake, Ontario. Ore samples analyzed indicate an average of 60 percent hematite, which is superior to the average of the iron ores in adjacent United States ranges and at least equal to the prized Swedish ores that must have been one of the factors prompting Nazi invasion of Scandinavia. The extent of the Steep Rock tonnage has not yet been verified, but some experts place it at a *half-billion tons.*"

Arthur Settel of New York City v. E. D. Kleinlerer of Elmhurst, L. I.: Mr. Settel protested a number of points in Dr. Kleinlerer's article "After Greece—Islam?" (November 4). Dr. Kleinlerer made a persuasive refutation; but the two letters come to nine pages, single spaced.

Max Eastman, of Croton-on-Hudson, New York, writes that in our Voters' Handbook (October 7) we stated that the Communist Party's platform "centers around militant opposition to participation in 'the imperialist war.' " Mr. Eastman points out that we should have added that this is no longer a principled position of the Communist Party, that a year ago the party was on the opposite side, that the change dates from the Stalin-Hitler pact and was dictated from Moscow; and should have mentioned "the essential feature which distinguishes the Communist Party's 'eventual abolition of capitalism' from that of the Socialists—namely, that the Communists intend to abolish capitalism through the methods of totalitarianism, the Socialists adhere to the democratic republic."

If you knew Newton D. Baker. – Joseph C. Hostetler, Union Commerce Building, Cleveland, Ohio, law partner of Newton D. Baker, would appreciate hearing from anyone who has Baker letters, particularly handwritten ones.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winter Book Number

John D: An Academy Portrait[1]

TRADE could not be managed by those who do manage it," Dr. Johnson said comfortably, "if it presented much difficulty." Still, provided that you don't stop to quarrel about the adjective, it is easy to demonstrate that Mr. Rockefeller was a great man. Draw up two lists of prominent Americans—one of men who lived before the Civil War, the other of men active after the Civil War. You will find that your first list is made up of men engaged in politics, your second of men engaged in business. In the second list, the name of Rockefeller stands easily first, easily ahead of such names as Morgan, Carnegie, Vanderbilt, Hill, Pullman, Huntington and the rest. Except for Cleveland (and in another era Wilson), what men of politics were of the stature of these business men? Not Fish; not Hay; and certainly none of the servants of business—Depew, Choate, Elihu Root.

Many things explain the difference between the two lists; but the broadest explanation is perhaps that before the Civil War the most exciting thing that talent could do on this continent was to govern the people, while after the Civil War it was to exploit the resources of the continent. The characteristic of our own time—post-1932—is perhaps that the wheel has swung full circle. A few years ago the President was reported as saying to Mr. Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, "No one will ever make a million dollars a year again in America." Beginning in 1933, we saw the young graduates of the law schools pour not into the downtown law factories but into the government bureaus. Some years ago Jim Wadsworth and Hamilton Fish were the only St. Mark's boys in the Congress: today politics is striated with the colors of the old school ties. Partly, this is due to the coming of bigness, the divorce of ownership from management, with its inculcation of the attitude of quasi-civil-service in the "young executives" stratum. Everybody (so to say) works for something immeasurably higher than any individual: the biggest and now the least hampered of these work-providing anonymities is government: talent will go increasingly into government as government moves increasingly toward the supervision and even direction of the uses to which the labor and savings of the nation shall be put. No world could be farther from resurrectibility than Mr. Rockefeller's.

Standard Oil in Mr. Rockefeller's day was in many ways the prototype of great American enterprise. It was by no means our first incorporated company; it was not even the first attempt at monopoly; but its founder was very likely the first American enterpriser to carry over into the domain of big business the Puritan's horror of waste and detestation of gambling—which waste and gambling were paradoxically the chief traits of nineteenth-century America. Another Standard Oil quality, again reflecting its head, was remoteness from shortsighted greed. Mr. Rockefeller could discriminate between the pennies to be clutched and those not to be clutched. His product was the best: this monopolist always produced as if he had competitors. He never failed to distinguish between the economies that could be effected by superior management and the false savings that brought losses through stoppage of production, desertion by underpaid officials, rejection by the market of inferior goods. Mr. Nevins tells us that his wage policies were always generous, and that is very likely. Unlike the farm-boys and horse-traders who ran great American enterprise seventy years ago, he encouraged his department heads to train others to work while they "sat down, cocked up their heels, and thought out some way for the Standard Oil to make money." Mr. Nevins does not say so, but from a remark dropped by Flagler in this book I am ready to believe that the Standard Oil people had much to do with the invention of that most baffling and fascinating department of business, corporate accountancy. All these were innovations and were among the reasons for its strength.

Most business men of Mr. Rockefeller's time were lucky, luckier even than they were greedy, wasteful and ruthless. Europe was sending us *gratis* a flow of immigrants whom it had brought to maturity of muscle, if not always of mind, at immense expense to itself. They had to be fed, clothed, sheltered, which is to say, they constituted a ready market as well as labor power. Every raw material needful to them was here, virtually free for the enterpriser's taking. A man had to be a blubbering idiot not to make money in America after the Civil War: he had to be crazy or an habitual gambler to lose it. Most of Mr. Rockefeller's contemporaries in business were gamblers; a great many were fools; and of both Mr. Rockefeller took the fullest advantage. All, meanwhile, were handicapped as against him by the fact of being men: they had desires, weaknesses, passions. Mr. Rockefeller had the immense advantage of being a calculating machine—or as Mr. Nevins calls him, a man with the intellect of a chess player. "I have never had a craving for anything," Mr. Rockefeller said once; and this ghastly declaration, which Christ would have been too humble, Socrates too wise, and Calvin not arrogant enough to utter, seems to have been true. Except an irascible temper, to which he himself refers but of which Mr. Nevins gives no example, the great man had no weakness: there was nothing in this being that demanded self-discipline. In his quiet, secret, self-deprecatory way he was perhaps the most remarkable subject for psychological scrutiny ever thrown up on this continent.

Mr. Nevins, who is no psychologist, deals with his hero from the outside. He shows that he grew up in the skirts of the mother he so much resembled in temperament and appearance; that as a child he bought candy by the pound and sold it to his family by the piece; that as an adolescent he had already earned, saved and lent to a neighbor $50 at seven percent, thus discovering the self-generative power of capital; that his father ("a master of business precept,"

[1] John D. Rockefeller, by Allan Nevins. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. 1,430 pages. $7.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

says Mr. Nevins admiringly) taught his son the tricks and dodges of business by a method which the teacher himself—a cancer quack and money lender—explained in these words: "I cheat my boys every time I get the chance. I want to make 'em sharp. I trade with my boys and skin 'em and I just beat 'em every time I can. I want to make 'em sharp." (For those who like the story of the Jew who stepped aside as his child jumped from a height in order to teach the child to trust not even his father, the training of Rockefeller *père* will seem uncommonly Hebraic.) Mr. Nevins shows his hero mature at every point before his twentieth year, already a donor to charity, and at twenty-one a trustee of his church.

Less importance is lent by the author to Mr. Rockefeller's religion than in my view it merits. It had quite other effects than merely to offer "this unemotional youth an outlet" and instruct him in charity. This peculiar Christianity, which is concerned with the here and not the hereafter, which is respectful of conduct and indifferent to the notion of an immortal soul, which confuses the conception of sin (essentially self-defilement) with a cautious regard for the criminal code (injury to others, not to self), explains a great deal of Mr. Rockefeller's career, no less than character. Mr. Rockefeller once told a Bible class that a customer had threatened to leave his commission firm unless Mr. Rockefeller advanced funds to him before the presentation of the bills of lading covering the goods against which the money was to be loaned. Our hero refused; the customer "flared up angrily," but he continued to do business with Clark and Rockefeller. "I have ever since believed," Mr. Rockefeller said, "that he originated the suggestion to tempt us to do what we stated we did not do, as a test." This, I have no doubt, was profoundly Mr. Rockefeller's notion of temptation to sin; it was his idea of the essence of Christianity. His solemn conviction that what he practised was religion, and not merely business ethics, his belief that the purely temporal precepts by which he lived constituted eternal spiritual doctrine, had the immense significance of persuading him that all his acts were, if not inspired by God, at any rate approved by God. Mr. Nevins says that he never failed in anything: it is more significant that he never believed himself wrong in anything (and I do not mean merely acknowledged himself wrong, for I am persuaded that he was not a hypocrite). Thus, of his part in the scandalous South Improvement Company he said in later years: "I had our plan clearly in mind. It was right. I knew it as a matter of conscience. It was right between me and my God."

Mr. Nevins, resolved above all to be fair to a man long and often maligned, is led by this sort of thing into the paths of pointlessness and illogic. In the instance of the South company he absolves his hero by a remarkable example of the *ignoratio elenchi:* since Mr. Rockefeller discussed the scheme fully in letters to his wife, Mr. Nevins concludes that "this goes far to prove that he was convinced he was following a proper course, for Mrs. Rockefeller was a highly religious woman with stern moral standards." But as Mr. Rockefeller himself was, by Mr. Nevins' showing, highly religious and sternly moral, the appeal to his wife's standards is certainly supererogatory. Further, Mr. Rockefeller's conviction is not at issue: the question is whether he did or did not participate in the wrong-doing which the author imputes to his associates. (This question Mr. Nevins answers by making his hero guilty of a "great error" of judgment in aligning himself "with an arrangement so repugnant to public sentiment.") Finally, the letters displaying the innocence of heart in which Mr. Rockefeller "kept her fully informed" are not reproduced; though space is taken for his expressions of self-justification.

The story which Mr. Nevins has to tell is in the main sordid and not, as one might think the tale of a great accomplishment should be, exhilarating, or tragic. The individual producers of crude petroleum were as shortsighted and greedy as gold prospectors, and were besides, dependent for their success upon the transport companies. The independent refiners were greedy, too. As the required investment in refining was small, and the prices paid by the public were high (Mr. Nevins is vague about the consumer aspect), there was always big money to be made in the industry. The railroads struggled for the oil traffic ruinously until Mr. Rockefeller showed them how to settle their differences; but in such a way that when the roads had helped him to put his competitors out of business (or into his business), they found themselves his victims, since he could swing a tremendous volume of traffic from road to road. They had, therefore, to recoup themselves, as to millions of dollars annually, by excessive rates on other goods.

The classic Standard Oil schemes were: (1) to get a lower shipping rate than rivals paid, and to get in addition, in cash from the roads, the difference between the two rates paid by the competitors; (2) to choke off crude supplies from competitors; (3) to force the transport companies to deny the competing refiners access to markets; (4) to work the fifth-column game by bribing servants of rival companies, putting their own people into those companies, or secretly buying up a competitor and obtaining the trade secrets of rival groups through the officials of the company secretly acquired. This is, of course, far from the whole story. The other side of the picture involves the general position of the economy and the technological advances in industry—both of which in a sense drove industrial combines into being—and the superior gifts of the Standard Oil management. But though Mr. Nevins makes a great deal of the fact that vision and efficiency yielded the Standard Oil crowd great profits, he nowhere attributes any important part of those profits to the more reprehensible methods by which Standard Oil obtained its monopoly; and his attitude to Mr. Rockefeller reminds one of the story of Jake Shubert protesting indignantly: "What! *I* should use Shubert methods?" Mr. Rockefeller was never ruthless, to say nothing of anything more unpleasant—"just very acquisitive," says his biographer.

The truth is, Mr. Nevins possesses no point of view except the resolve to be fair, and no acquaintance with political economy such as would permit him to make out the case for industrial combines in general, and Standard Oil in particular, which can legitimately be made. Possessing no affirmative philosophy, he is unable to dominate his subject, but writes surrounded by the horizonless timber of his endless materials. Innocent of economics, he is unable to relate the general to the particular, except by the reiteration of moral judgments which are of no value. He is loyal to his materials, and much more scrupulous in setting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forth each separate instance of unfair practice than he need have been; but what he gives with his right hand he takes away with his left, for as only separate instances are examined, as the method of "on-the-one-hand and on-the-other-hand" is employed, he never gets anywhere. He does not deal with his subject in respect of the economy as a whole, or discuss the public interest except as one large abstraction or another is brought out in the records of public hearings which form part of the source material he was bound to examine. He is so little a political scientist that he strikes a parallel between the acts of an individual and the acts of a sovereign government, comparing, *on the grounds of propriety*, the Rockefeller procedure with the AAA. He is so innocent of financial practice that he praises Mr. Rockefeller as one who never watered his stock—quite ignoring the fact that stocks are watered to be sold to the public, whereas up to the time of Mr. Rockefeller's retirement, the stock of Standard Oil was owned exclusively by its founders and their partners or heirs.

Every reader of this work must feel that Mr. Nevins is throughout on the defensive, determined to be fair, not to let his temperamentally liberal bias appear. It is this which, in my view, has led him into the vain moralizing and the excessive concern with detail which mar what might have been a reasonably complete and detached history of an important phenomenon. Only an economic historian could defend the defensible aspect of the Standard Oil combine: for a good part of the task which he set himself Mr. Nevins, the political historian, was not adequately equipped.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE

An Appeal for James Joyce

MR. JAMES JOYCE has been obliged to leave Paris and he is at present, with his wife, his son and his grandson, in a little village in the unoccupied part of France, not far from Vichy. Due to the fact that he is a British citizen, his position in France is precarious. His daughter is seriously ill in a hospital on the coast near Nantes, which is under continual bombardment. Mr. Joyce has made application to be allowed to take his family to Switzerland; but the Swiss authorities, before granting residence, now require a substantial guarantee—in this case, the equivalent of over $7,000, to be deposited in a bank in Switzerland—that the visitor should not become a public charge. Present circumstances, cutting off foreigners in France from all outside sources of income, make the raising of this sum impossible other than through an appeal to friends abroad. Half of the amount has already been advanced, and a committee has been formed to raise the remainder. Mr. Joyce is probably at the present time the greatest living writer in English, and it would be impossible to contribute more effectively to the cause of literature than by helping to get him to a place of safety. Those who are in a position to do so are asked to communicate with Robert N. Kastor, 52 Wall Street, New York City, who has consented to act as chairman of the committee. Other members are: Bennett Cerf and B. W. Huebsch, Mr. Joyce's publishers in America, Padraic and Mary Colum, Eugene and Maria Jolas, James J. Sweeney, Thornton Wilder, Donald Adams, Irita Van Doren, Edmund Wilson and Franz Werfel.

Poets: Old, New and Aging

Sunderland Capture and Other Poems, by Leonard Bacon. New York: Harper and Brothers. 61 pages. $2.
Against the Cold, by Witter Bynner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 125 pages. $2.
Cantos LII-LXXI, by Ezra Pound. Norfolk, Conn.: New Directions. 167 pages. $2.50.
Death at Sea, by Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper and Brothers. 52 pages. $2.

MR. BACON and Mr. Bynner are what are called "traditional" poets—*i. e.*, neo-romantics who, working inside the usual forms, do nothing to shock us from our dogmatic (or in this case academic) slumbers. Their poems are the poems of very-late-Victorian *epigoni;* Swinburne's ghost, picking its way through an unfriendly world, would cry out to recognize, under the disguising letter, the familiar and delighting spirit—shrunken, ineffectual, but still indomitably Victorian.

Mr. Bacon and Mr. Bynner are traditional in the sense that an appendix is traditional; they are the remains of something necessary under no-longer-existing conditions. In their poems the romantic, the sentimental and the "beautiful" are, still, the rhetorical flesh of some edifying or diverting reflection. Their quarrel with modernism is the romantic quarrel, they are dissatisfied with it only because they are not yet up to it; they are, so to speak, modernists *manqués*, the souls of modernists yet unborn. The break-up of modernism, the attempt at something to take its place, is for them something in a remote Wellsian future. But both are somewhat affected by the practice of their—evolutionarily speaking—immediate descendants; Mr. Bacon has even the rudiments of a sort of anti-romantic censor. But it is one gullible enough to be wholly mollified by the wit, learning and occasional shocking or prosaic detail that Mr. Bacon throws it, and it hardly attempts resistance to the romantic or sentimental excesses naturally congenial to him. (Mr. Bynner's censor gets no sop at all; the poet has adopted a policy of starving it into submission.) Being in the age but not of it, both poets write with impressive ease; their forms are strict, if awkward, their speech fluent, if unreflecting; how easily they triumph over the difficulties of which they are unaware! *They* are not deterred by the doubts that have harassed poets like Tate and Eliot. And yet even their triumphs have a hollow and dreary ring; the spectators cry, "I have seen it!" but add reluctantly, "before"; their poems are debates with, victories over, the ghosts of straw-men.

Has the reader seen those soldiers' or tourists' postcards which themselves supply the skeleton of the message, and which need only the insertion of a few words to be complete? In the same way Mr. Bacon and Mr. Bynner (and the class they represent) work by *filling* in a form; it is as if they had taken the examples in a textbook of prosody and substituted their own words. Into the shining little jelly-molds that constitute the poet's repertory of forms, they pour a quaking and formless gelatin—and when the molding is finished, they are satisfied to be deceived by the illusion of form; but the jelly is as soft as ever. Poets like these are Pharisees who have not learned that the forms were made for man, and not man for the forms—that a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

form is yours or nothing; consequently form is something they neither possess nor understand. A sonnet Hopkins writes is primarily a *Hopkins* sonnet, a sonnet by Milton is a *Milton* sonnet: Mr. Bacon's sonnets and Mr. Bynner's sonnets are, first and foremost, *sonnets*—just good old sonnets.

Mr. Bacon carries over into "Sunderland Capture" something of the attitude of his humorous poems. He is (*cf.* DeVoto, Hogben, Hooton, Zinsser) the *blunt* man, who comes right out and tells you what he thinks, who damns all sorts of things, conservative as well as radical—the knowing, irascible, crusty professor who is permitted the excesses he inveighs against in others and whose eccentric outspokenness, used as it is in their interest, is no more held against him by the authorities than his jokes or ties. He is the licensed jester of the conservatives, a sort of muscle man of The Saturday Review of Literature. (The political analogue would be General Johnson.) But he is no mere humorist or scholar, we are made to feel; look, here is this lovely or sentimental or romantic line to disprove it. Mr. Bacon says that his poetry burns "with that instructive and sardonic burning/Which teaches beauty to the undiscerning"; the reader—the undiscerning reader, I mean—may find such a view enthusiastic. I have unkindly spent all my space talking about the limitations of Mr. Bacon's poetry; but inside these there are a good many rewards: vigor, arresting phrases, nice turns of wit, the reflections of an acute, if conventional, mind. I should call his poems fairly good examples of a fairly bad sort of poetry.

After Mr. Bacon, Mr. Bynner is all lamb. His mild and discreet wit hardly ruffles the ecstatic hush that broods around his lyrics—he too broods, dissolved in contemplation or quiet tears. I remember a psychological experiment in which the subject does nothing but differentiate shades of gray. In the account of his experiences there is a certain monotony—a monotony I am not going to risk by any description of all the lovely and touching and rhetorical things that trail through the pages of "Against the Cold"; what need to describe things so familiar? Mr. Bynner is thoroughly in a convention—his emotions, images and rhetoric can be predicted almost as if they were eclipses. What one feels angry at is the automatic rhetorical romanticism of this convention, not Mr. Bynner himself—who makes a very pleasant impression; but his battles are lost before they're started. . . .

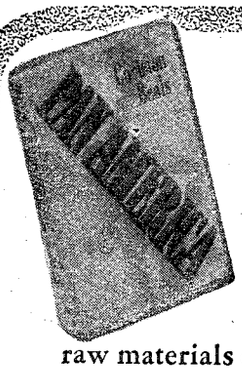
I had thought of Ezra Pound as the one thing constant in this fleeting world. Continents sank under the sea, empires fell: Vienna fell, Canton fell, Warsaw fell: the unmoved sage sat on at Rapallo, like Idiosyncrasy on a monument—the warm Italian breeze bore out over a universe of cretins his condemnations and invective, his economic panaceas, his *wd's* and *cd's* and *shd's*, his American slang unparalleled outside the pages of an English novel. But as Hitler says, *there are no more islands:* Mr. Pound has deteriorated with the world. "Cantos LII-LXXI" contains the dullest and prosiest poetry that he has ever written. These cantos are so bad that they would not seem his at all, if they were not so exactly like the very worst portions of the old ones. Mr. Pound has become himself to the ∞th degree, his day-dream is at last absolute. One sees implicit in every page: "*Le droit, c'est moi.*" Prejudice, whim, idiosyncrasy, have been hypostatized into a universal imperative. Mr. Pound is obviously one of the most talented poets of our time; yet these cantos are almost unreadable. What has happened?

That would take a book to tell. Mr. Pound has always had likings or prejudices rather than standards—his strength has lain mainly in disconnected insights. Organization and logic have been his weak point; the Browning monologue (which was designed to be effectively dramatic precisely because of its formlessness) has been his favorite form almost from the beginning, and his and Eliot's use of it has made it and its variants standard for the age. His talents are primarily lyric—not narrative, certainly not expository or didactic. He is not really a "thinker" at all: any sort of thinking, outside of the German system-making Heine makes fun of, requires a certain submissiveness to facts, and Mr. Pound has never submitted to a fact (or anything else, for that matter) in his life. He has taken all culture for his province, and is naturally a little provincial about it: one of the touching things about him is his entire Americanism, an Americanism that could survive unimpaired fifty years in a lunar crater. He has an enormous amount of talent, wit and courage, but he has the literary man's characteristic vanity and omniscience, a magpie's eclecticism, a mania for absolutes and a conviction that they are accessible: to him everything is fairly simple Black or White. He repeats, *Hold to the middle*—meanwhile the middle hardly exists for him; his feeling for Confucius is less appreciation than identification. He is not the Fool-Killer—life is a short blanket—but the Fool-Damner; he has shouted so long into the intense inane that his yells, by a natural protective metamorphosis, have taken on something of the character of their surroundings.

Early in his life Mr. Pound met with strong, continued and unintelligent opposition. If people keep opposing you when you are right, you think them fools; and after a time, right or wrong, you think them fools simply because they oppose you. Similarly, you write true things or good things, and end by thinking things true or good simply because you write them. For Mr. Pound, both circumstance and predisposition made the process inescapable. His friends and disciples were eager to encourage him in his worst excesses; and modernist poets or critics hated, by caviling at the work of their talented fellow, to expose him to the jeers of the academic masses, who already condemned indiscriminately all that he had done. (Eliot, for instance, has written appreciations, not criticisms, of Pound.) Mr. Pound's universe became more and more a solipsistic one; the form, logic and amenities of his criticism some time ago assumed the proportions of a public calamity. And his special poetic gifts—and performance—succumbed in their turn. Writing good poetry is only occasionally difficult: usually it is impossible. But writing what seems to you good poetry is always easy, if only, somehow, your standards of what constitutes a good poem can be lowered (and specialized) to what you write; this unconscious and progressive lowering of taste, a sort of fatty degeneration of the critical faculties, is the most common of ends. Mr. Pound seems no longer able to discriminate between good and bad in his poetry: to him it is all good because it is all his.

Half of "Cantos LII-LXXI" is a personal, allusive and wildly eccentric retelling of Chinese history, full of names, dates, quotations, ideograms, abbreviations, underlinings

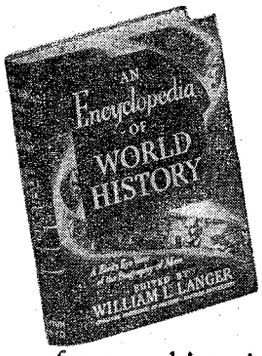
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pan America

BY CARLETON BEALS

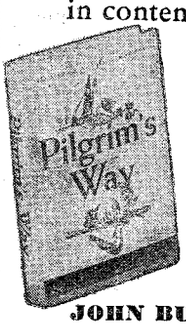
This realistic and lucid survey lays bare the international strategies used by European statesmen to secure a stranglehold on the essential raw materials of South America. It shows how nearly self-sufficient we should be if the two Americas can regain control of them. "Pan America" is a very rare kind of book. Better than an unbiased book, it is one that takes a purely and fearlessly American view of the world and our part in its affairs. $3.00



An Encyclopedia of World History

***Edited by* WILLIAM L. LANGER**

"Literally world history, covering every nation, state and country from prehistoric times down to 1939. Practically a reference library in itself." — *New York Times.* "A marvellous book . . . Now that I have it, I wonder how I ever felt safe to be without it." — *Raymond Gram Swing.* "A reference book which immediately takes its place in the front rank of historical manuals." — *Simeon Strunsky.* "It is impressive in content and appearance alike." $5.50



Pilgrim's Way

The Autobiography of JOHN BUCHAN (LORD TWEEDSMUIR)

"The book of the year in autobiography." — *New York Times.* "John Buchan loved nature, his country, and his people beyond all else . . . he has written in this volume his memories of these great loves . . . Here are true and touching pictures of Scotland, England, South Africa and the United States, made possible by an affection which verged on adoration. His was the seeing eye . . . This book has all the charm, the moving quality, that one had a right to expect of his gifted pen." — *Saturday Review of Literature.* "There is a richness and a charm to these memoirs . . . John Buchan was, in life as in his novels, magnificent." — *New York Herald Tribune.* $3.00

Audubon's America

***Edited by* DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE**

"The whole volume is so obviously a work of love — love of beautiful print and fine binding, love of the work of a great artist, love of country — that American readers should receive it with heartfelt gratitude." — *Carl Carmer.* "Beautiful, rugged, vivid, like the young nation it portrays." — *New York Herald Tribune.* "The reproductions are better than in any recent Audubon . . . most handsome gift volume of the autumn." — *Sterling North.* "$6.00 and worth every cent of it." — *Clifton Fadiman.* "A book to own." — *New York Times* $6.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY • Publishers

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and slang. Everything is seen as through a glass darkly, the glass being Mr. Pound: 1766 B.C. talks exactly like 1735 A.D., and both exactly like Ezra Pound. To the old complaint, "All Chinamen look alike," Mr. Pound makes one add, "And talk alike, and act alike—and always did." Little of the intrinsic interest of the events manages to survive the monotonous didacticism of the account. The rest of the book is more interesting, since it consists mostly of quotations—intelligent, informative or just odd—from John Adams, its subject. (On the dust-jacket New Directions twice insists that Pound's subject is John Quincy Adams—a queer mistake to make; whoever made it must have found Pound's style too entrancing ever to determine what he was writing about.) Mr. Pound has a fine feel for anecdotes that carry the quality of a person or an age; but I should prefer to see a collection of his favorites in some more appropriate form.

The versification of these cantos is interesting: there is none. The prose is an extremely eccentric, slangy, illogical, sentence-fragment, note-taking sort of prose—but prose; the constant quotations from letters or documents or diaries are no different from the verse that frames them. The technical skill that went into some of the earlier cantos has almost disappeared.

An unsympathetic reader will find Mr. Prokosch a sort of decerebrate Auden, an Auden popularized for mass-consumption; and since Auden himself has been, lately, so successful in the attempt to provide one, it is hard to see in Mr. Prokosch much more than a work of supererogation. But this is a shallow view; Mr. Prokosch's success in the romantic and superficial exploitation of Auden's materials and methods is really incomparable—a triumph unmitigated by the odd intelligence and sensibility that adulterate obstinately even the laxest and most mechanical of Auden's pages. (A person who knows Auden's poetry well will notice his influence in "Death at Sea" many hundreds of times, in tone, form, images, rhetoric and content. Mr. Prokosch's earlier poetry is less singularly derivative.) Mr. Prokosch has sublimated Auden's worst vices and Auden's easiest virtues into a method; it is the mechanical operation of this method that produces the mass of "Death at Sea"—the poems pour out like sausages, automatic, voluptuous, and essentially indistinguishable. The "Love" that is the *deus ex machina* of Auden's worst lapses is the tutelary deity of Mr. Prokosch's poetry: his world-view is too sentimental and palely irresponsible—too *fashionable*—to be valued as much more than an effective romantic pose. He replaces Auden's Freudianism with a psychology that amounts to—*To know anything is to forgive anything;* and for Auden's demi-Marxism he substitutes the *Weltanschauung* of "Manfred" or a Sunday-supplement Spengler. (He has a Shelleyan fondness for the atlas as a bedside book; the argument of many of his poems is virtually, Death and darkness fall over Samarkand, Bokhara, Timbuctoo—fall, in fact, over the great big world.) The list or panorama, a tangle of picturesque details resolved by the blankest of generalizations, is his favorite structural device: *the consumptive cries on the dear Danubian banks, the Senegalese sheds his scalding tears beside the Niger, the Eskimo weeps icicles into Hudson Bay—why, they're all crying:* and you have your poem. (You're wrong if you think the *dear Danubian banks* is mine.)

But do not let me give the impression that Mr. Prokosch's poems are failures; the effects are second-hand and second-rate—but oh, so effective! The surface of the poetry has the immediate appeal the able and sensational popularization of a new technique always has; and under that surface bubbles the same old romanticism that infected us all in our cradles. How many ladies' clubs yet unorganized will prickle to the raptures of this verse! Naturally, not everyone will be pleased with such easy and florid romanticism; I read the poems with annoyance and mild pleasure, and thought Mr. Prokosch's obvious gifts childishly misused. But so much glitter and flow and scope have turned better heads than mine. On the dust-jacket of "Death at Sea" are testimonials by Stephen Spender, Robinson Jeffers, Michael Roberts, Edwin Muir and The Manchester Guardian—and others by Yeats and Eliot are referred to; I mention these to bear out my last statement, and to show that my own opinion is a dissenting one which the reader should be properly cautious about accepting.

RANDALL JARRELL

J. P. Morgan's Art Expert

Roger Fry, a Biography, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 301 pages. Illustrated. $3.50.

TO READ this delectable Life of the art critic who exercised more influence than any other since Ruskin at the summit of his fame, is to receive a mental image of beautiful hands deftly strewing cards face upward on a table, and tapering fingers pointing lightly now to this one and now that. The illusion doubtless flows from the supple style—that of her fictions—and the grace, the tact, the unerring sensibility—those of the skilled novelist—with which Virginia Woolf exposes to sight the events in Roger Fry's active long career. All in all, her subject may have been a more effective and greater man than, in her apparently limited familiarity with events in the inner world of art, the biographer might lead certain of her readers to suppose. This is merely to say that her chronicle could profitably be read in conjunction with the happy estimate of Fry's genius and influence in the prefatory essay contributed by Sir Kenneth Clarke to the critic's posthumous volume of "Last Lectures." Certainly the relations shown by the biographer between her individual subject and his narrow and brutal early backgrounds and his later environments are thoroughly convincing. The man's career seems to rise before us on this foundation.

An outstanding feat is the subtle method by which Mrs. Woolf has conveyed one of these relations especially interesting to us. The biographer has sensed the probability of the fact that Fry's troubled connections with J. Pierpont Morgan Sr. formed the crisis from which proceeded his tremendous influence on taste and the theory of art. It has been communicated, this perception, through an exhibition of her human subject in two "states" connected each with different intellectual and esthetic experiences. Of these "states," one precedes, the other follows, the years in which Fry, after having been refused the Slade professorship and an appointment to the National Gallery, was employed by the American plutocrat as an expert purchaser of works of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHRISTMAS LEADERS

"At Last We See Shelley Plain."
—RALPH THOMPSON, *New York Times*

SHELLEY

by Newman Ivey White

"A Shelley biography superseding all others. . . . A literary event of the first magnitude."
—RALPH THOMPSON

"A monumental record of the intricate and brilliant pattern of Shelley's romantic life. . . . A magnificent achievement."
—*New York Herald Tribune "Books"*

Two volumes, over 1500 pages, with especially full index. With 83 illustrations in gravure and frontispiece in full color. Boxed, $12.50

Descriptive Circular on Request

Published This Week

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL

by Willa Cather

The period of this novel is 1856, and the setting is the beautiful Virginia countryside. The narrative is people with unusual characters. The theme is moving and dramatic; and it is treated with the sensitiveness and imagination of a master. Here again is the calm dignity of Willa Cather's beautiful style—matchless among that of writers of today—and a story that is intense and moving. $2.50

The Inside Story of the Diplomacy that Might Have Saved Europe

SEVEN MYSTERIES OF EUROPE

by Jules Romains

The author of *Men of Good Will*, friend and confidant of Europe's rulers, discloses the complete story of his own part in secret negotiations that almost saved the peace. An amazing and important revelation. $2.50

Current Successes

THE BELOVED RETURNS
by Thomas Mann
$2.50

•

FOUNDATION STONE
by Lella Warren
$3.00

•

EUROPE IN THE SPRING
by Clare Boothe
$2.50

THE ANATOMY OF BRITISH SEA POWER
by Arthur J. Marder

The rise of British naval strength during the formative years 1880-1905, when the Empire's basic foreign and naval policies were laid down.

"A complete and reliable reference."
—CAPT. DUDLEY W. KNOX, *U. S. Navy Dept.*

595 pages, with index. $5.00

MARK TWAIN'S TRAVELS WITH MR. BROWN

Twenty-six letters by Mark Twain, written by him for a California newspaper during a six-months' visit to the East in the first half of 1867, now issued in book form for the first time. Collected and edited, with an introduction by FRANKLIN WALKER and G. EZRA DANE. The edition is limited to 1795 copies. $5.00

New Poetry

PATTERN OF A DAY
by Robert Hillyer
$2.00

•

A WINTER TIDE
by Robert Nathan
$2.00

•

AGAINST THE COLD
by Witter Bynner
$2.00

ALFRED • A • KNOPF • 501 MADISON AVE • N • Y •

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"CONGRATULATIONS!"

writes Louis Untermeyer

. . . on David Daiches' incisive new book of criticism of modern poetry movements since Tennyson (and their leading figures) in relation to their socially and intellectually changing backgrounds.

Said Mr. Untermeyer: "If Mr. Daiches is a little less than just to Yeats *as poet* and a little more than excessive about C. Day Lewis, he is unusually keen concerning the Imagists, the Sitwells, and the Georgians. And the chapter on Eliot is one of the most cogent and concise ever written about that controversy-provoking poet. Altogether a worthy successor to Mr. Daiches' preceding volume (THE NOVEL AND THE MODERN WORLD). And that is high praise, indeed!" At bookstores, $2.50

POETRY AND THE MODERN WORLD

By David Daiches

For Everyone who Reads Current Best-Sellers

Here are some penetrating studies of today's leading American novelists, and the relation of their books to the regional qualities of their localities. *From New England,* Mary Ellen Chase, Dorothy Canfield, J. P. Marquand, Santayana, are studied; *from the South,* Cabell, Stark Young, Faulkner; *from the cities,* Wolfe and Dos Passos; *from the Middle West,* Sherwood Anderson, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather; *the Far West,* Rolvaag and Steinbeck. By a nationally-known writer, radio speaker and teacher. $2.50

America in Contemporary Fiction

By Percy H. Boynton

Two Books for All Thinkers-About-Democracy

by **T. V. SMITH**

Congressman-at-Large from Illinois and Professor of Philosophy, University of Chicago

The LEGISLATIVE WAY OF LIFE

Do you look with a jaundiced eye upon all politicians? Let this eloquent and witty philosopher-legislator acquaint you with America's legislative genius; its problems; its ways and means; and the laws that are its products. Here are the weaknesses and the strengths of the legislative way. $1.50

LINCOLN, LIVING LEGEND

Three lectures and speeches by T. V. Smith, concise and acute, in which he shows how the acts of Lincoln, the man, were translated by history and folklore into Lincoln, the legend; and how the Civil War President molded his personal and political life about a single guiding principle. $1.00

In its first fifty years the University of Chicago Press has published more than 3,000 titles, many of them milestones in the knowledge of their various fields. Known to every educator is John Dewey's *School and Society,* published 1899; to every physicist, Millikan's *The Electron,* 1917; to every theologian and to a hundred thousand Bible readers, Smith and Goodspeed's *The Bible: An American Translation,* 1931, and *The Complete Bible, including The Apocrypha,* 1939.

1891 - 1941 50 YEARS OF PUBLISHING

The University of Chicago Press

art for the Metropolitan Museum and his private collection. Between the two pictures lies an account of the events of those years—from 1905 to 1910—so dexterously aimed as almost inevitably to provoke the inference that the startling change flowed directly from them.

The man we are shown entering Morgan's service and the man we see after he has quit it are fundamentally one. He is a Quaker, who, following an unfortunate boyhood, had developed a relish for life, and after believing himself destined for science, at Cambridge began painting and unfolding a vast interest in the history of art. He is a mediocre painter but brilliant critic: a considerable scholar, a dialectician, an enthusiast who approaches his subject in the attitude of science. (Possibly Fry's consciousness ever was too acute, too highly pitched, to permit him success as a creator; since art, being an incantation, requires a consciousness capable of sinking to a level close to the unconscious.)

Still the expert who goes to America and there is wined and dined abhors modern art. Whistler and Conder have taught him deliberately to design within given spaces; but in the impressionists he sees only painters who have neglected structure and design for the sake of contemporary color and intensity: evidently he has glanced at Monet and never examined Pissarro. What he adores, what he has made his specialty, is the art of the *quattrocento* popularized by Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites: that, and the classical painting of the seventeenth century, to which his interests recently have turned.—As for the man who has escaped servitude to the banker with "the strawberry nose and little red eyes"—

He has been dazzled by Post-Impressionist art. Whether Fry first saw the work of Matisse and Picasso in the exhibitions at 291 Fifth Avenue or at the Steins' in Paris, we do not know. What we do see is Roger Fry bringing his revolution-art show of Cézanne, Matisse and Picasso—forerunner of New York's Armory Exhibition of 1913—to his native London in 1910, and using paintings by Gauguin and Van Gogh as magnets. Then he starts The Omega, a modernist arts-and-crafts movement which employs artists.

This is the Roger Fry who evolved an almost mystical refinement of the theory of art for art's sake. From being conceived of as "the discoverer of those emotional elements inherent in natural form which can be made the basis of a design," the artist, in his mind, has become one who provides us with something to be enjoyed entirely for the formal coherency of its shapes and colors. "In all cases our reaction to works of art is a reaction to a relation and not to sensations, objects, persons or events." Every visible object expressing a will to form, whether a Michaelangelo or a dish from a village fair, was art. "Finish," that antithesis of the sensibility he prized, had become his *bête noire;* truth, his criterion. And thousands upon thousands flocked to his pellucid lectures on the moderns, the orientals, the primitives. Readers of his critical volumes multiplied. "Even the most respectable began preferring colored reproductions of Cézanne and Van Gogh upon their formerly etching-hung walls."

The intermezzo before this transformation, meanwhile, is an account of Fry's experience of an unsavory game at that time being played with art. J. P. Morgan desired to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

appear as the equivalent of one of the great princes of the Renaissance. He wished, therefore, to play as great a role in the art world as in that of finance: but instead of imitating the Renaissance princes, he merely bought up quantities of the art which they had helped to evolve. Other of the Museum's trustees also were using art for the purpose of social prestige. Again and again they attempted to divert paintings, which Fry had discovered for the Museum, to their private collections. At last he could no longer endure it.

Unavoidably thus the intellectual and esthetic feelings of the transformation, the advocacy of the new art and the new theories, wear the look of expressions of an unconscious priestly war upon the power over art which money had given Morgan and his friends, or upon the taste and theories which lend undue prestige to their ridiculous collections. Is it possible not to see in the theory that every visible object which exhibits a will to form is art, an abrogation of the special privilege that money gives? What was The Omega but an attempt to free the artist of the patron by providing him with a handicraft? The hatred of "finish": was it not a hatred of the hallmark by which the rich man shows that a superfluity of labor has been expended on the object in his possession? "Modern Art" certainly restored to power the pre-Renaissance traditions. And the conception of formal coherency as the great value of art established a sort of galactic universe of beauty into which men like Morgan cannot enter. We remain, of course, aware that probably without Morgan, Fry might eventually have arrived at these epoch-making positions. Still it is difficult not to perceive in the buccaneer the actual precipitant.

PAUL ROSENFELD

Animal, Vegetable and Mineral

Glass Flowers from the Ware Collection in the Botanical Museum of Harvard University. Insect Pollination Series, with Sixteen Color Plates, by Fritz Kredel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 58 pages. $1.50.

Dieu ne croit pas à notre Dieu . . .
—Jules Renard

On gypsum slabs of preternatural whiteness
In Cambridge (Mass.) on Oxford Street is laid
One craft wherein great Nature needs no aid
From man's Abstracts and Concretes, Wrong and Rightness:
Cross-pollination's fixed there and displayed.

Interdependence of the seed and hive!
Astounding extraverted bee and flower!
Mixture of styles! Intensity of drive!
Both Gothic and Baroque blooms flaunt their power.
The classic *Empire* bees within them strive.

The flower is to bee a kind of arrow;
Nectar is pointed out by spot and line.
Corollas may be shaped both wide and narrow;
Mechanics vary, though the play is fine,
And bee-adapted (not for crow or sparrow).

STATE GUIDES

Compiled by Workers of the Writers' Program of the W.P.A.

More than mere guides, these volumes are great sociological documents, written by and for the people.

Here are valuable accounts of each state, in its natural setting, science and industry, sports and recreation, agriculture, commerce and transportation, education, history, architecture. Each contains 64 pages of illustrations in gravure, maps and calendar of events.

NEW YORK
A Guide to the Empire State
$3.00

FLORIDA
A Guide to the Southernmost State
$2.75

VIRGINIA
A Guide to the Old Dominion
$3.00

MARYLAND
A Guide to the Old Line State
$2.75

THE OHIO GUIDE
$2.75

At All Booksellers Now

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Choice for Christmas

Ernest Hemingway's

For Whom the Bell Tolls

"Rare and beautiful . . . his finest work."
—*Atlantic Monthly.* $2.75

Archie Binns'

Mighty Mountain

"Intensely real . . . one of the memorable books of 1940."—*Lewis Gannett.* $2.75

Allan Nevins'

John D. Rockefeller

The Heroic Age of American Enterprise

"Definitive. . . . Nevins has written his finest work."—*New York Sun.*
Illustrated. 2 Volumes. $7.50

Roger Burlingame's

Engines of Democracy

"Fascinating . . . will grip a large and varied reading public."—*Lancelot Hogben.*
Illustrated. $3.75

Robert E. Sherwood's

There Shall Be No Night

The year's most stirring play now in book form. Preface by the author. $2.00

George Santayana's

The Realm of Spirit

"His pages sparkle with epigram, witty allusion, and paradox . . . and are most rewarding for their wisdom."—*Nation.* $3.00

Dawn Powell's

Angels on Toast

"Really witty . . . mildly shocking . . . cleverly surprising."—*New York Times.* $2.50

Alan Villiers'

Sons of Sinbad

Travel-adventure—"the best brand of Villiers."
—*New York Times.* *Illustrated.* $3.75

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS · NEW YORK

Bush-bean and butterwort keep bee in mind,
Chamisso too (which has no common name);
Red larkspur, devil's-bit scabious are aligned
With garden violet in this bee-ish claim
(*Impatiens Roylei Walpers* acts the same).

Expectancy is constant; means are shifting.
One flower has black cloven glands that pinch
The bee's foot (on the stigma these are lifting);
Anthers with cell-hid pollen wait the clinch.
Think well on this, who think that Life is Drifting. . . .

Eager quickly to free its sticky foot
The bee stamps briskly just where stamp is needed:
Motion and power attendant on this boot
Extract *pollinia.* (Here the mind's exceeded;
Wild intimations through the fibers shoot.)

Self-fertile flowers are feeble and need priming.
Nature is for this priming, it appears.
Some flowers, like water-clocks, have perfect timing:
Pistils and anthers rise, as though on gears;
One's up when t'other's down; one falls; one's climbing.

Charles Darwin saw the primrose, and took thought.
Later, he watched the orchids. There the bees
Enter in, one way; then, with pollen fraught,
Have to climb out another, on their knees.
The stigma profits, and the plant's at ease.

The dyer's greenwood waits the bee in tension.
Petals are pressed down: then the stamens spring
(The pistils, too) into a new dimension,
Hitting the bee's back between wing and wing.
Who thought this out? It passes comprehension.

For forty million years this has gone on
(So Baltic amber shows, and can it lie?)
The bee's back, feet, head, belly have been drawn
Into the flower's plan for history.
Nectar's been yielded for the hexagon.

Then think of Blaschkas (*père et fils*), who spent
Full fifty years in delicate adjusting,
Glass-blowing, molding, skill with instrument,
While many other crafts were merely rusting.
Two Yankee Wares (*mère, fille*) the money lent.

Cynics who think all this *bijouterie*
Certainly lack a Deepening Sense of Awe.
Here Darwin, Flora, Blaschkas and the bee
Fight something out that ends in a close draw.
Above the cases howls loud mystery.

What is the chain, then ask, and what the links?
Are these acts sad or droll? From what derived?
Within the floret's disk the insect drinks.
Next summer there's more honey to be hived.

What Artist laughs? What clever Daemon thinks?

LOUISE BOGAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mark Twain's Philosophy

Mark Twain's Travels with Mr. Brown, Being Heretofore Uncollected Sketches Written by Mark Twain for The San Francisco Alta California in 1866 and 1867. Collected and Edited with an Introduction by Franklin Walker and G. Ezra Dane. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 296 pages. $5.
Mark Twain in Eruption, by Mark Twain. Edited with an Introduction by Bernard DeVoto. New York: Harper and Brothers. 402 pages. $3.75.

THESE TWO BOOKS are the product of the two extremes in point of time of Mark Twain's life. "Travels with Mr. Brown" is of the period when Mark Twain first came out of the West and looked about him with fresh and penetrating wonder. The second is of the period when as an old and disillusioned man, he was still struggling in the few years before his death with the problem of what it was all about, and specifically, what he himself had been about during a full and successful lifetime. Both books are welcome additions, for they are filled with the dry drollery which was a large part of Mark Twain's charm.

"Travels with Mr. Brown" is another example of Mark Twain's great talent as a writer of travel letters. These pieces were contributed to a San Francisco paper just before his trip on the Quaker City which resulted in "The Innocents Abroad" and national fame. The most interesting letters in the book are those written from New York City from February to June, 1867. For the edification and amusement of his California readers he became a competent reporter at large. From exhibitions of living models in tights and "The Black Crook" he went to the Century Club and the American Bible House and reported competently and amusingly on all phases of the life he encountered. He did not neglect the high cost of living or ignore the poverty. "Honest poverty," he wrote, "is a gem that even a King might feel proud to call his own, but I wish to sell out. I have sported that kind of jewelry long enough. I want some variety. I wish to become rich, so that I can instruct the people and glorify honest poverty a little, like those good, kind-hearted, fat, benevolent people do."

"Mark Twain in Eruption" was written after the author had become rich, world-famous, lost his money in swindles and the panic of 1893, regained it by exhausting lecture tours and was approaching death. Instead of instructing us about the glory of honest poverty, Mark Twain is more bitter than ever about human dishonesty and injustice. The book is a collection from the material he dictated for his autobiography during 1906, 1907 and 1908. In his interesting introduction Mr. DeVoto tells us that the book contains about half of what was left after Albert Bigelow Paine issued the "Autobiography" in 1924. The remainder of unpublished material, Mr. DeVoto assures us, is not startling. The editor has presented it "not as autobiography but as a kind of table talk," and very good table talk it is.

Although the world may have seemed to grow steadily more ferocious in ways that would make Mark Twain wince at the recognition of his own worst fears, the seeds of human development were present at the time he was writing, and he was keen enough to recognize them. As Mr. DeVoto points out: "The man of good will, the Mug-

BOOKS YOU WILL TAKE PRIDE IN GIVING!

Rose Macaulay's
NEW NOVEL
AND NO MAN'S WIT

"Before all else a novel for the intelligent reader to enjoy."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review.*
"Glittering humor . . . it speaks from the heart through the intellect."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.*
An Atlantic Novel • $2.50

Ogden Nash's
SELECTED VERSE
THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

You've had a dash of Nash—*now for a debauch!* Here are the light-hearted laureate's best—280 of them—including all the oft-quoted verses and 32 poems never before in book form! $2.75

Hans Zinsser's
AS I REMEMBER HIM

"This remarkable book is a legacy to his generation from a great doctor, great scientist, great talker, and a complete human being."—*Henry Seidel Canby.* An Atlantic Book. $2.75

Bartlett's
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Eleventh edition (edited by Christopher Morley) of one of the most enduring of all book gifts. "A palace of pleasures as well as a court of appeals."—*Saturday Review.*
1578 pages. Buckram. $5.00
Leather edition, ¾ morocco, red or blue. $12.50

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Autobiography of
ISABEL de PALENCIA
I MUST HAVE LIBERTY

MARQUIS CHILDS: "Of all the fine books that have come out of the Spanish tragedy, this is in many ways the finest." PEARL BUCK: "An excellent book for this moment in America." Wm. J. FADIMAN: "A distinguished contribution to the art of autobiography." Illustrated. $3.00

HORACE WALPOLE
By R. W. Ketton-Cremer

"Even more a portrait than a narrative of events, it is remarkably clear, fresh and entertaining."—*Joseph Wood Krutch* in the *Nation*. "No other portrait of a single man could give a more typical picture of the eighteenth century than that of Horace Walpole."—*Huntington Cairns* in *The Washington Post*. Illus. $3.00

AN IRISH JOURNEY
By Sean O'Faolain

"The farther you go with O'Faolain, the richer his company becomes. Irishmen will chuckle and swear and dream over the book; less blessed mortals reading it will marvel, learn and enjoy. The illustrations are the work of an artist who loves beauty and knows Ireland."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."* $3.50

COUNT TEN
By HANS OTTO STORM

"It is a big book in a great tradition, in what is probably the greatest tradition the novel has in any language. It is the story of Eric Marsden, of his education for life; or, if you prefer, of his compromise with life."*William Jay Gold, N. Y. Times Book Review.* "Covers the wide range of man's destiny; it contains an unusual wealth of action and of philosophy, it is an impressive, exciting and intelligent story."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* 4th Big Printing. $2.50

THE LIVING THOUGHTS LIBRARY

In which the world's great modern writers select and interpret for you the enduring work, most important to our time, of the world's great thinkers. $1.25 each. Latest additions are:

MACHIAVELLI by Count Carlo Sforza
KANT by Julien Benda
CONFUCIUS by Alfred Doeblin

LONGMANS 55 Fifth Avenue, New York

wump, not only perceives that there is something wrong but wonders, against his belief, whether something may not have been wrong from the beginning." In "Travels with Mr. Brown" we also get beneath the gayety an inkling that the author knew something was wrong from the beginning. But, as Mr. DeVoto also points out, "he had no gift for disentangling social, economic and historical energies." He was forced, therefore, to confine his ire to individuals, though he also expended some of it vigorously on institutions built by the collective greed of those individuals.

Mark Twain hated Theodore Roosevelt with a hatred even more searing than certain people are able to muster for his cousin today, but only because Mark Twain was more talented. Apropos of the Roosevelt regime, he foresees what he calls "monarchy," by which he means the same thing we today are calling dictatorship. Mark Twain was certain that the low nature of man demanded dictatorship. It would be brought about, he wrote, by "vast power and wealth, which breed commercial and political corruption and incite public favorites to dangerous ambitions," and it would also result from man's craving for a god, a king or a master. He forecast this as early as 1873 in a letter to his wife and to William Dean Howells. In 1908, when he mused on this letter, he was suddenly startled to realize that the monarchy he had feared was in existence in the form of "a constitutional monarchy, with the Republican Party sitting on the throne." "By a system of extraordinary tariffs," he adds, "it has created a number of giant corporations in the interest of a few rich men, and by most ingenious and persuasive reasoning has convinced the multitudinous and grateful unrich that the tariffs were instituted in *their* interest!"

He then goes on to pay his respects to the antics of Theodore Roosevelt as President, the smug vanity of his friend Andrew Carnegie, the vulgarity of Senator Clark of Montana and the worship of his riches. When Jay Gould gives $5,000 for the relief of yellow-fever victims, and the newspapers produce "a storm of worshipping gratitude," Mark Twain remarks that they "might have persuaded a stranger that for a millionaire American to give five thousand dollars to the dead and dying poor—when he could have bought a circuit judge with it—was the noblest thing in American history, and the holiest."

More than half of "Mark Twain in Eruption" contains milder material, and nowhere does the content suggest a volcano. But everything in it is interesting to those who admire his work. There is material in both books on his Hannibal, Missouri, boyhood. The table talk contains accounts of his disastrous experiences in publishing, when he permitted men to swindle him unmercifully. Some of the most interesting pages of the book contain reflections on writing as Mark Twain practised it, and some scathing material on literary people and particularly Bret Harte, whom he knew well and despised heartily.

Both of these books have the quiet exaggerations, the ironic surprises and human exuberance which were all characteristic of Mark Twain's wit, and the second book also contains his rambling, inconsistent ire, which is not nearly so iconoclastic as he had hoped when he stipulated that much of it could not be published until many years after his death.

M. R. WERNER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Return of Glenway Wescott

The Pilgrim Hawk: A Love Story, by Glenway Wescott. New York: Harper and Brothers. 127 pages. $1.50.

IN NOVELS like "The Grandmothers," Wescott anticipated by a decade our current pious preoccupation with the American past. For some reason, however, he has avoided native materials in "The Pilgrim Hawk," which is his first story in several years. Perhaps the familiar nostalgic principle operates in Wescott's case: for his most ardently American tales were written, I believe, in Europe; while "The Pilgrim Hawk," which is laid in France, comes out of a long stay at home.

But the nationalism, if we may call it that, of his earlier books was really incidental to another emotion: his passion for involvement in normal affairs. The intimate routines of the family, love's power to survive its own abuses, to arrest the flux and establish continuity, filled the younger Wescott with frank wonder and curiosity. And he used to astonish the sophisticated twenties by exhibiting all this the stuff of average human experience, as something very rare, almost a mystery. He was the poet of the family album; a repentant Ishmael, to whom his artist's exclusion from the tribe had become a burden. But what distinguished him from the Europeans (Mann, Kafka) who treated the same theme was the fact that he approached it in the spirit not of speculation but of simple yearning and prayer. A post-romantic in his demand for stability and tradition, he was a romantic still in his idealizing and lyrical attitudes.

Now in "The Pilgrim Hawk" he attempts something a little different. It was easy to transfigure love and marriage in terms of a far-off pioneer past; in "The Pilgrim Hawk," however, the conjugal drama is enacted by sophisticated, almost Huxleyan, people. And the author's own role in his fiction has changed accordingly. He used to identify himself with such adolescent characters as Alwyn Tower of "The Grandmothers" and Dan of "The Apple of the Eye"—young men who were preparing to leave Wisconsin and become writers. But Wescott the emergent artist has become Wescott the mature spectator, coolly ironic where he used to be impassioned and devout. Clearly he has set out to transcend the nostalgic lyricism of his early work and to bring to bear upon his favorite themes a more complex experience and a more objective method.

"The Pilgrim Hawk" is merely an anecdote of an afternoon spent with some puzzling people in a French country house during the pre-depression years. The Cullens are rich sporting folk, "mere passers of time," and altogether banal —or so they seem at first. But before Wescott has finished, he has turned them into veritable emblems of the marital passion. Mrs. Cullen carries on her gloved wrist a great live falcon, of which her husband is oddly resentful. The afternoon wears on in conversation about falconry; there is a drinking party, and at the end a flash of melodrama. The real suspense, however, arises from the author's efforts to decipher the Cullens and evaluate their lives. Is Cullen jealous of the hawk or does he detest the creature because it seems to exemplify the captive state in which he himself is maintained by his wife? Is Mrs. Cullen petty or grand in her possessiveness? Is the author in the presence of great

HARPER HOLIDAY HINTS

ANDRÉ
MAUROIS'
TRAGEDY IN FRANCE
The best account of what happened to France. "Overwhelmingly worth reading by Americans." —WALTER MILLIS, *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $2.00

EDNA ST. VINCENT
MILLAY'S
☐ *MAKE BRIGHT THE ARROWS*
Her new volume of poems, born of democracy's struggle for life. Cloth, $1.75. Leather, $3.00

ALBERT
HALPER'S
☐ *SONS OF THE FATHERS*
A poignantly moving novel of a Russian immigrant family. By the author of *Union Square, The Foundry,* etc. $2.50

NORMAN
ANGELL'S
☐ *AMERICA'S DILEMMA: ALONE OR ALLIED?*
A provocative book on the vital subject of what America's foreign policy should be, by the author of *The Great Illusion.* $1.75

EDWARD B.
HITCHCOCK'S
☐ *"I BUILT A TEMPLE FOR PEACE"*
The life of Eduard Benes, last president of Czechoslovakia. Foreword by Jan Masaryk. $3.50

JOHN
GUNTHER'S
☐ *INSIDE ASIA*
☐ *INSIDE EUROPE*
The two indispensable books that provide the key to world events. Each $3.50

LOUIS
ADAMIC'S
FROM MANY LANDS
The composite biography of our immigrant populations. "Heroic . . . an epic."—*N. Y. Times.* Illus. $3.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partisan review enters its fourth year of publication this month.

partisan review has been called by John Dos Passos "the best literary magazine in America," by Edmund Wilson "excellent . . . exciting."

partisan review has published such poems as T. S. Eliot's "East Coker" and Wallace Stevens' "Life on a Battleship"; such articles as Sidney Hook's "The Integral Humanism of Jacques Maritain" and Andre Gide's "Return from the U. S. S. R."; such stories as Delmore Schwartz's "America! America!" and Victor Serge's "Conquered City"; such features as Stephen Spender's "September Journal" and Katherine Anne Porter's "A Goat for Azazel."

partisan review presents in its current issue Philip Rahv's "The Cult of Experience in American Writing," Louis MacNeice's "Oxford in the Twenties," Meyer Schapiro's analysis of Wilson's "To the Finland Station," Paul Goodman's "Chaplin Again Again and Again" and other articles, poems, reviews, documents.

partisan review will publish early in 1941 Morton Dauwen Zabel's "The Saga of A. MacLeish," Franz Kafka's long story, "The Penal Colony" (translated by Eugene Jolas), Allen Tate on new verse, Alan Mather's "Functionalism in American Architecture," and Dwight Macdonald's omnibus review of books on German fascism, 1933-40.

partisan review appears six times a year, costs 25 cents a copy and $1 a year. It makes an inexpensive and unusual Christmas gift. Up to January 1, you can get three subscriptions at the bargain rate of $2.50. (Just add names to blank below.)

PARTISAN REVIEW
45 Astor Place, New York City

Enclosed find $..... Please send me one year of Partisan Review beginning with the ..... issue. (Add 15c for Canada, 30c for other foreign countries.)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

issues or trivialities? There is something of Henry James's "The Sacred Fount" in this tale of a writer prying into the mysteries of the married and at the same time taking himself to task for his excessive fascination. But Wescott's irony is less equivocal than James's and his affirmations are more emphatic. There is plainly a lesson in the Cullens: "In marriage, insult arises again and again and again; and pain has to be not only endured, but consented to; and the amount of forgiveness that it necessitates is incredible and exhausting. When love has given satisfaction, then you discover how large a part of the rest of life is only payment for it, instalment after instalment. . . . To see the cost of love before one has felt what it is worth, is a pity; one may never have the courage to begin."

Wescott has come through the ordeal of adolescence which proves fatal to so many American writers. "The Pilgrim Hawk" may seem a slighter performance than several novels of his earlier phase, but it is a fresh start and in many ways a good one. His writing is as supple as ever, and has acquired, besides, a certain witty poeticality which may be of French inspiration but which is entirely native in idiom. His portraits are excellent: in addition to the Cullens there is their hostess, Alexandra Henry, an American girl who feels overshadowed by her fine French house and artistic Paris friends, and who surprises the author by her enthusiasm for the Cullens, "a type of humanity which she no longer quite respected or trusted, but evidently still enjoyed." As a reminiscence of France in the twenties, indeed, the book is suggestive and charming; and one wishes that Wescott had made more of the temporal, less of the symbolic, side of his story. One hopes, too, that he will not permit his newly acquired irony to dissipate the intensity and peculiar visionary idealism which have always been his strength.

F. W. DUPEE

Mr. Masefield and Clio

Basilissa, a Tale of the Empress Theodora, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 307 pages. $2.50.

WHAT IS HISTORY? Dreams and dust. How many ways are there for a novelist of dealing with history? Only three. He can court the elusive Muse of verisimilitude by doing his best to unearth and combine all pertinent facts and details; he can frankly indulge in farce or satire by treating the past as a parody of the present; and he can transcend all aspects of time by entrusting a mummy selected at random to the sole care of his genius—provided he has genius. As neither of the first two methods seems to have been adopted by Mr. John Masefield in his new book, it may be assumed that he relied upon inspiration to transform a certain remote epoch into the everlasting reality of human passions. Unfortunately, his art is not up to the task; and this being so, a problem of appreciation is set: when the magician alone is deceived into seeing his charms working, must the onlookers stare at the stick which has *not* burst into blossom?

They must. This book is a splendid example of false romance and false history; it belongs to a widespread genus of false books, and, to the investigator, its shortcom-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ings are as fascinating as the qualities of real achievement. Theodora, the "cast mistress" of Hekebolos, is stranded at the Daphne Hotel in Antioch, whither she came upon the advice of a mellow old monk (well known family-solicitor type). The jewels given her by her lover turn out to be worthless, and with her hotel bill unpaid and her passage back to her home-town unbooked, Theo has "a very unpleasant twenty minutes thinking of these things" (and presumably looking at a wrist-watch which is fourteen centuries slow). Luckily she happens to meet a ballet girl whom she had done a good turn in the past by saving her from the attentions of an elderly philanderer (which goes to show that the morals of maidens were as sound in Byzantium as in Victorian novels). Thanks to this friend, she finds work with a ballet-company that, judging by sundry hints, has come to the East all the way from white and blue Monte Carlo. Theo, we learn, knows a few words of French (*livre rouge*, *remplaçant*, etc.) current in the profession. It is also pleasant to note that round about the year 520 A. D. hotels already charged for another day if one did not leave until noon. Then she takes ship for Constantinople.

Up to this point Mr. Masefield's style has been of a cool and dainty sort which may fool the unsophisticated into mistaking a stale imitation of Anatole France for the perfume of bygone days. The trick of ending a sentence with the words "and very lovely," letting it melt away, as it were, may pass for exquisite delicacy of style; but a closer inspection reveals that this purring purity is a poor counterfeit, full of telltale repetitions.

In Byzantium the story increases its pace. It does so in an alarming way. Before the reader is really prepared, Theo, who despite the Hekebolos affair had seemed a prude and a bore, is explaining to the crusty old colonel of an Emperor and his dull-witted nephew, Prince Justinian, the intricacies of current politics. In the meantime, a riotous election is taking place in the City. Theo turns into that familiar figure, the clever girl of detective romance; and, at last, with the story zooming now at top speed and no time for niceties, the villains are routed, and Theodora marries the Prince.

It is psychologically interesting to inquire why on earth Mr. Masefield should have imagined that he needed Byzantium for the spinning of this kind of yarn. Even if the crude accusations of Procopius' "Anecdota" be disregarded, there is plenty of evidence for believing that the real Theodora was anything but the gentle young governess that Mr. Masefield's heroine suggests. The recent boom in historical novels has evidently exerted its attractive force on Mr. Masefield. If this be Byzantium, well, all one can say is that it has been annexed by Ruritania. The same atmosphere of falsity, the same faults, though generally more subtly concealed than Mr. Masefield's self-conscious anachronisms, are to be found in all historical romances produced by the second-best modern writers, so that whether their heroes be called Peter the Great or Goethe, Marie Antoinette or Nero, or whether they be minor gallants that leap onto the screen out of fat best sellers, all these characters have, inevitably, something in common: the curious family likeness that links Mme. Tussaud's waxworks figures.

V. NABOKOV

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

By Lucy Sprague Mitchell, Eleanor Bowman, and Mary Phelps

This book is for all Americans who care whether their country flourishes or decays. For the first time, a book on conservation is written to the dual purpose of appealing to both thought and feeling.

Three resources—soil, coal and oil—are explored in detail. The exposition of each comprises a variety of forms, from verse and dramatic episodes to statistics and maps. Source and interpretation are put under one cover.

$3.50

THE OLD DEAL AND THE NEW

By Charles A. Beard and George H. E. Smith

A pithy and authoritative analysis of the *sources* of the New Deal, an evaluation of the important measures it has sponsored to meet national problems, and a summary of problems which will arise in the future.

Fearlessly and without partisan bias the authors search the background of difficulties which beset our nation from 1929 at home and abroad. They concisely analyze executive and legislative actions and the results thus far obtained. $2.00

At all bookstores

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reverend
Hewlett Johnson
DEAN of CANTERBURY

One of the most extraordinary personalities of our time—engineer, industrialist, and now high dignitary of the Church of England—evaluates what he has observed on his many trips in Soviet Russia, the nation which holds the world balance of power. His moral and Christian viewpoint, his warm personality, make this one of the most readable and informative books on the Soviet in recent years. $2.50

The SOVIET POWER

MODERN AGE BOOKS 432 4th Avenue, New York City

TEACHERS! Send for a free copy of the 12-page booklet

On Using The New Republic in College Classes

by ALBERT K. STEVENS

A thousand freshmen at the University of Michigan have for several years used The New Republic as a basis for study in English composition. The editors of The New Republic asked Mr. Albert K. Stevens, of the Department of English Language and Literature of the University, to describe this interesting experiment in some detail. His comments are published in booklet form which the thought that may be of value to teachers of all subjects who feel the need of a method for relating the study of contemporary affairs and issues to the school curriculum.

To get a copy send a postcard to

CIRCULATION MANAGER
The New Republic, 40 E. 49 St., New York, N. Y.

The Spell of the White House

The White House: A Biography, by Charles Hurd. New York: Harper and Brothers. 339 pages. $3.50.

MR. HURD, in his preface, mentions the spell which the White House and the presidency exercise upon the American imagination. "What makes up this quality?" he asks. "The whole explanation cannot be reduced to simple print." He believes it possible, however, to give "some idea of the continuity of growth of the White House as a living entity."

Mr. Hurd comes within measurable distance of his goal only when he drops the toga-cum-accordion style in which most of the book is written, and returns to "simple print" —for the facts of which he tells have an eloquence of their own. The episodes, or news flashes, which he presents require only the compact and unliterary handling which Mr. Hurd knows how to give them when he is not forcing himself to be rococo. The perspective sometimes seems a little distorted. Nine pages are given to Chester A. Arthur; nearly three to the call of Prince Henry of Prussia (1902); and not a word to the visit of the King and Queen of England (1939). In certain respects Mr. Hurd is quite inaccurate: he has Theodore Roosevelt present at Taft's inaugural parade; says that Wilson did not play golf; and so on. Such errors are trivial, but they blur our confidence in other bits of atmosphere until we begin wondering whether Jackson really *was* the first President to wear "trousers for all occasions," and whether Henry Morgenthau actually did lead a snake dance on election night, 1936.

CHAUNCEY HACKETT

100 Notable Books of 1940

Biography and Memoirs

Trelawny, by Margaret Armstrong. Macmillan. $3.
Art Young: His Life and Times, by John Nicholas Beffel. Sheridan House. $3.50.
Tar Heel Editor, by Josephus Daniels. Chapel Hill. $3.50.
Dusk of Dawn, by W. E. Burghardt DuBois. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
Country Squire in the White House, by John T. Flynn. Doubleday, Doran. $1.
James Joyce, by Herbert Gorman. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.
Happy Days: 1880-92, by H. L. Mencken. Knopf. $2.75.
John D. Rockefeller, by Allan Nevins. Scribner's. $7.50.
Ingres, by Walter Pach. Harpers. $6.
Caroline of England, by Peter Quennell. Viking. $3.75.
As I Remember Him, by Hans Zinsser. Little. $2.75.

Fiction

The Star of Satan, by Georges Bernanos. Macmillan. $2.50.
The Crazy Hunter, by Kay Boyle. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.
Trouble in July, by Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.50.
The Ox Bow Incident, by Walter Van Tilburg Clark. Random. $2.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Costals and the Hippogriff, by Henry de Montherlant. Knopf. $2.75.
Dago Red, by John Fante. Viking. $2.50.
Father and Son, by James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $2.75.
The Hamlet, by William Faulkner. Random. $2.50.
To the Indies, by C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. $2.50.
Joy of Man's Desiring, by Jean Giono. Viking. $2.50.
The Life of My Mother, by Oskar Maria Graf. Howell, Soskin. $2.75.
For Whom the Bell Tolls, by Ernest Hemingway. Scribner's. $2.75.
The Defenders, by Franz Hoellering. Little, Brown. $2.75.
The Fire and the Wood, by R. C. Hutchinson. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.
After Many a Summer Dies the Swan, by Aldous Huxley. Harpers. $2.50.
Amerika, by Franz Kafka. New Directions. $3.
The Underground Stream, by Albert Maltz. Little, Brown. $2.50.
The Beloved Returns: Lotte in Weimar, by Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.50.
The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, by Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.
Pal Joey, by John O'Hara. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.
If It Prove Fair Weather, by Isabel Paterson. Putnam's. $2.50.
Angels on Toast, by Dawn Powell. Scribner's. $2.50.
When the Whippoorwill, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Scribner's. $2.50.
The Great Crusade, by Gustav Regler. Longmans, Green. $2.50.
The Trees, by Conrad Richter. Knopf. $2.50.
Verdun, by Jules Romains. Knopf. $2.50.
World's End, by Upton Sinclair. Viking. $3.
Mrs. Miniver, by Jan Struther. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
In the Money, by William Carlos Williams. New Directions. $2.50.
You Can't Go Home Again, by Thomas Wolfe. Harpers. $3.
Native Son, by Richard Wright. Harper's. $2.50.

Art, Poetry, Criticism, Drama

Another Time, by W. H. Auden. Random. $2.
New England: Indian Summer, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.75.
Collected Poems of A. E. Housman. Holt. $3.
The American Drama Since 1918, by Joseph Wood Krutch. Random. $2.50.
The Poet in New York and Other Poems, by F. García Lorca. Translated by Rolfe Humphries. Norton. $2.50.
Cantos LII-LXXI, by Ezra Pound. New Directions. $2.50.
Fifty Selected Poems of Rainer Maria Rilke. Translated by C. F. MacIntyre. California. $2.
The Wartime Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke, 1914-1921. Translated by M. D. Herder Norton. Norton. $2.50.
Three Plays, by William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace. $3.
The World I Breathe, by Dylan Thomas. New Directions. $2.50.
Selected Letters of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Edited by Ridgely Torrence. Macmillan. $3.50.

★ *Thrill to the pleasure of a truly great book — a distinctive gift!*

NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER

By Van Wyck Brooks

"The literary event of 1940."—William McFee (N. Y. Sun)

"A better book than 'The Flowering of New England,' quite as interesting, but more significant."
—Henry Seidel Canby.

"Here is biography at its most telling. Makes all recent books pallid by comparison."
—John Chamberlain (Harper's)

"The book that thousands have been waiting for. A joy and a possession in which we as a nation may take pride."
—Clifton Fadiman (New Yorker)

NATIONAL BEST SELLER $3.75

Other Distinctive Gift Books ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE VANISHING VIRGINIAN ($2.50), new National Non-Fiction Best Seller by Rebecca Yancey Williams. BEHIND THE LINES ($1.75), book of sparkling verse by A. A. Milne. PEOPLE OF NOTE ($1.00), the new laugh hit, with illustrations by Gluyas Williams. THE FIELDS OF PARADISE ($2.50), a novel by Ralph Bates. TRADITIONAL MUSIC OF AMERICA, with over 400 pieces of music and explanatory text, by Ira W. Ford. Just published, in attractive format: AN AIRMAN'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER — Inspiring beyond all words, you'll want to give away a number for Christmas (only 50c).

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

The special classroom rate of the New Republic is only 25c a month

per student for orders of ten or more copies to be sent to one adress. Desk copy is free.

Address order to the
Circulation Manager

THE NEW REPUBLIC
40 East 49th Street New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Editors
Cordially Invite You to
Attend the First

DINNER

of

THE NATION and THE NEW REPUBLIC
FUND for ANTI-FASCIST REFUGEES

at the

HOTEL ASTOR

at seven o'clock
Monday, December the Ninth
Nineteen Hundred and Forty

Subject

"The Anti-Fascist Exiles and America"

Speakers

MAX ASCOLI — *FREDA KIRCHWEY*
BRUCE BLIVEN — *ARCHIBALD MacLEISH*
HON. HAROLD L. ICKES — *J. ALVAREZ del VAYO*
FRANK KINGDON, Chairman

Funds Administered by the Emergency Rescue Committee, Inc.

Bruce Bliven, Co-Chairman
THE NATION and THE NEW REPUBLIC FUND
Room 523, 122 East 42nd Street., New York City
Telephone: MUrray Hill 3-4592

Enclosed please find check for $..... Please reserve ..... places in my name. (RESERVATIONS at $3 per place.)

Since I cannot attend the dinner I am enclosing my check for $..... as my contribution to the Fund.

Name.....

Address.....

(Please make out checks to Bruce Bliven)

Advertising Rates

The New
REPUBLIC

Classified

(Applying on Help-Wanted, Position-Wanted, For-Sale, To-Rent, Personals)

50c a type line for 6 point (*6 words to the line*)
45c a type line for 5 point (*7 words to the line*)
Minimum ad: 3 lines

Display

1 inch (1 x 2¼).....$4.50
1 inch (1 x 3⅜).....$6.75

Mark Twain in Eruption, by Mark Twain. Harpers. $3.50.
Oscar Wilde and the Yellow Nineties, by Frances Winwar. Harpers. $3.50.
Last Plays and Poems, by William Butler Yeats. Macmillan. $1.75.
Letters on Poetry from William Butler Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley. Oxford. $2.50.

American History and Politics

The Bottlenecks of Business, by Thurman Arnold. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.
A Foreign Policy for America, by Charles A. Beard. Knopf. $1.50.
The American Stakes, by John Chamberlain. Carrick and Evans. $2.75.
Idle Money, Idle Men, by Stuart Chase. Harcourt, Brace. $2.
Organized Labor and Production, by Morris L. Cooke and Philip Murray. Harpers. $2.50.
The Censor Marches On, by Morris L. Ernst and Alexander Lindley. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.
All Out!, by Samuel Grafton. Simon and Schuster. $1.
The Triumph of American Capitalism, by Louis Hacker. Simon and Schuster. $3.
The President Makers, by Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.
The American Presidency, by Harold J. Laski. Harpers. $2.50.
The Boss, by Dayton David McKean. Houghton Mifflin. $3.
The Pacific Ocean, by Felix Reisenberg. McGraw-Hill. $3.
A Study of History, by Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford. $23.
Our Military Chaos, by Oswald Garrison Villard. Knopf. $1.75.

Science and Philosophy

The Patient's Dilemma, by Hugh Cabot, M.D. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.
Progress in Medicine, by Iago Galdston. Knopf. $3.
Adventures of a Biologist, by J. B. S. Haldane. Harpers. $2.75.
Science and Everyday Life, by J. B. S. Haldane. Macmillan. $2.
Reason, Social Myths and Democracy, by Sidney Hook. John Day. $3.
The Individual and His Society, by Abram Kardiner. Columbia. $3.50.
Mathematics and the Imagination, by Edward Kasner and James Newman. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.
Population: A Problem for Democracy, by Gunnar Myrdal. Harvard. $2.
Audubon's America, by Donald Culross Peattie. Houghton Mifflin. $6.
North America: Its People and the Resources, Development and Prospects of the Continent as the Home of Man, by J. Russell Smith and M. Ogden Phillips, Harcourt, Brace. $6.
The Road We Have Covered, by John Udmark. Modern Age. $3.50.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Christmas Answer Is a Book

ARE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFTS exchanged before the wrapping is well off the package? Does Junior swap the tie you gave him for a good adventure story? Are your friends always borrowing your books before you've read them yourself? Do you get into arguments and wind up overheated and exasperated, while your opponent remains calmly unconvinced? Relax! Send him a book and let him fight it out with himself!

CHOOSE YOUR GIFTS from the list below, or get up your own. We'll give the books fancy Christmas wrappings, and enclose Christmas cards with your greetings.

Fiction

Foundation Stone, by Lella Warren. Knopf. $3.

The Loon Feather, by Iola Fuller. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Tiger, Tiger, by Max White. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.75.

Embezzled Heaven, by Franz Werfel. Viking Press. $2.50.

Tassels on Her Boots, by Arthur Train. Scribner's. $2.75.

The Stone of Chastity, by Margery Sharp. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Mr. Littlejohn, by Martin Flavin. Harper. $2.50.

Dutch Vet, by A. Roothaert. Macmillan. $2.50.

Native Son, by Richard Wright. Harper. $2.50.

The Voyage, by Charles Morgan. Macmillan. $2.50.

Citizens, by Meyer Levin. Viking Press. $2.75.

The Brewer's Big Horses, by Mildred Walker. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

Fracas in the Foothills, by Elliot Paul. Random House. $2.

Amerika, by Franz Kafka. New Directions. $2.50.

Biography and Memoirs

Father Was An Editor, by Joshua K. Bolles. Norton. $2.50.

The Vanishing Virginian, by Rebecca Yancey Williams. Dutton. $2.50.

Christopher Columbus, by Salvador de Madariaga. Macmillan. $4.

In Place of Splendor, by Constancia de la Mora. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

The Life of My Mother, by Oskar Maria Graf. Howell, Soskin. $2.75.

The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield, edited by J. Middleton Murry. Knopf. $2.50.

Poetry, Plays & Short Stories

The Best Plays of 1939-40, edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd, Mead. $3.

Collected Poms of Kenneth Fearing. Random House. $2.

Dago Red, by John Fante. Viking. $2.50.

Collected Poems of A. E. Housman. Holt. $3.

Flowering Judas, by Katherine Anne Porter. Modern Library. $.95.

Gift Books

A Treasury of the World's Great Letters. Simon and Schuster. $3.75.

New England: Indian Summer, by Van Wyck Brooks. Dutton. $3.75.

Letter of Credit, by Jerome Weidman. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.

The McKenneys Carry On, by Ruth McKenney. Harcourt, Brace. $2.

Days of Our Years, by Pierre Van Paassen. Dial. $3.50.

Ecclesiastes, with illustrations by Emlen Etting. New Directions. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

America's Cook Book (New Ed.) Compiled by Home Institute of N. Y. Herald Tribune. Scribner's. $2.50.

To the Finland Station, by Edmund Wilson. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

Fellow Citizens, by Gluyas Williams. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Good Humor Man, by George Price. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.

The President Makers, by Matthew Josephson. Harcourt, Brace. $3.75.

A.P.: The Story of News, by Oliver Gramling. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

Witchcraft: Its Power in the World Today, by William Seabrook. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

What to Eat and How to Cook It, by Marie Wade Thomas. Putnam. $2.50.

Bottlenecks of Business, by Thurman Arnold. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

To the Indies, by C. S. Forester. Little, Brown. $2.50.

Tragedy in France, by Andre Maurois. Harper. $2.

Mathematics and the Imagination, by Kasner and Newman. Simon and Schuster. $2.75.

For Juvenile Readers

A World of Stories for Children. Collected by Clark and Jagendorf. Bobbs-Merrill. $5.

April's Kittens, by Clare Newberry. Harper. $1.75. (Ages 4-8)

Thee, Hannah!, by Marguerite De Angeli. Doubleday, Doran. $2. (Up to 10)

Stories for Little Children, by Pearl Buck. John Day. $1.50. (Ages 3-6)

Fifi, by Ludwig Bemelmans. Simon and Schuster. $2 (Ages 4 years and up)

Pat the Bunny, by Dorothy Kunhardt. Simon and Schuster. $1. (For the very young)

Clear for Action, by Stephen W. Meader. Harcourt, Brace. $2. (For older boys)

NEW REPUBLIC BOOKS
40 East 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send, *postpaid*, the following books. I enclose $.....

☐ Charge to my account.

.....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

12-9-40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World at Large

The United States of Europe, by Alfred M. Bingham. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $2.50.

The Dynamics of War and Revolution, by Lawrence Dennis. Harpers. $3.

Stalin and the Russian Revolution, by Max Eastman. Norton. $2.50.

Marxism: Is It Science?, by Max Eastman. Norton. $3.

I Confess, by Benjamin Gitlow. Dutton. $3.75.

Failure of a Mission, by Sir Nevile Henderson. Putnam's. $3.

A Federation for Western Europe, by W. I. Jennings. Macmillan. $2.50.

Where Do We Go from Here?, by Harold J. Laski. Viking. $1.75.

The Guillotine at Work, by G. P. Maximoff. Chicago Section of the Alexander Berkman Fund. $3.50.

Why Europe Fights, by Walter Millis. Morrow. $2.50.

The Sun Never Sets, by Malcolm Muggeridge. Random. $3.

The Voice of Destruction, by Hermann Rauschning. Putnam's. $2.75.

Paris France, by Gertrude Stein. Scribner's. $1.75.

German Economy: 1870-1940, by Gustav Stolper. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

Hitler and I, by Otto Strasser. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

The Strategy of Terror, by Edmond Taylor. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

The Dream We Lost, by Freda Utley. John Day. $2.75.

The Imperial Soviets, by Henry C. Wolfe. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

Contributors

NATHAN W. ROBERTSON has been a Washington writer for newspapers and press associations for seventeen years. He was formerly chief of the Senate staff of the Associated Press.

C. BERTRAND THOMPSON is identified in the editorial note preceding his article.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR., who was formerly on the staff of The New Republic, is now an editorial writer for The New York Post.

LEWIS GALANTIÈRE retired recently from the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to complete an essay in German political thought, for which he was awarded a Guggenheim fellowship.

RANDALL JARRELL is an instructor in English at the University of Texas. He has contributed to Partisan Review, The Southern Review and The Kenyon Review.

PAUL ROSENFELD is a well known art and music critic, who has also written much on literature.

LOUISE BOGAN's books include "Body of This Death," "Dark Summer" and "The Sleeping Fury." She is the poetry reviewer of The New Yorker.

M. R. WERNER is the biographer of Bryan, Barnum and Brigham Young. His latest biography, "Julius Rosenwald," was published last year.

F. W. DUPEE is an editor of Partisan Review and a frequent contributor of critical articles to other magazines.

V. NABOKOV is a Russian novelist. Two of his books have been translated into English, "Laughter in the Dark" and "Despair."

CHAUNCEY HACKETT has taught English at Harvard and practised law in Washington, D. C.

SOUTH WIND
WOODBOURNE, N. Y.
INFORMAL ADULT CAMP — PRIVATE LAKE
ALL WINTER SPORTS
OPEN FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

MAMANASCO LAKE LODGE
RIDGEFIELD, CONN. PHONE: 820
A luxurious country estate converted into a vacation paradise. New, modern, convenient. Magnificent lake, water sports, tennis, golf, riding, indoor sports. Sumptuous cuisine. 50 miles from N. Y.
Under direction of Hilsenrad and Lapidus
OPEN ALL YEAR 'ROUND

Birdland
OPEN ALL YEAR
Formerly Lewisohn's Estate. Central Valley, N. Y. 1 hr. from N. Y. 225 acres in fascinating hiking country. 5 miles of paths. Handball, Riding, Bicycles, Roller Skating. Seasonal sports. Library. Congenial atmosphere. Excellent cuisine. Open fireplaces. Adults. Telephone: Highland Mills 7895. Mgt. FANNIE GOLDBERG.

BREEZEMONT PARK
ARMONK, N.Y.
A Country Estate in the Scenic Hills of Westchester County
Spacious modern house. Airy comfortable rooms, library, small private lake, all sports. Excellent cuisine. Less than 1 hour from Grand Central. Open All Year. Telephone Armonk Village 955.

LECTURE
DR. HERMAN F. REISSIG speaks on, "The Background of Upheaval" on Tues. Eve., Dec. 10th, at 8:45 P.M. at Hotel Peter Stuyvesant, 2 W. 86th St. Social Hour. THE GROUP FORUM.

NO WORK FOR SANTA!
● Lucky Santa! No more brain-wracking or guessing about Christmas gifts. Not when he can just send Book Tokens and let everybody choose his own books.
Now Dasher and Dancer and Dunder and Blitzen and all the others are getting a well-deserved rest while Santa takes it easy, because he knows that no one who receives a Book Token can get a duplicate gift, or one he does not want.
Take a tip from Santa. You too can solve all your gift problems this Christmas by giving Book Tokens—the gift certificates that let your friends select the books they want.
ASK YOUR BOOKSELLER
AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS ASSN.
Members Everywhere

CONCERT
AN UNUSUAL CONCERT: Philippa Schuyler, celebrated 9-year-old child prodigy, in a recital of her own compositions next Sunday, Dec. 8, at 3 P.M., 600 West End Ave. (near 89th St.), Apt. 6-B. Admission, one dollar; benefit: Committee to Aid Tenant Organizations.

MAGAZINE
THE ARBITRATOR—To outlaw war, abolish poverty, unveil superstition and secure justice. 5 cents. 114 East 31st St., N. Y. C.

POSITION WANTED
ANIMATED chap with promotional sleeves wants idea job in publishing. Address: Box 257, The New Republic.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS
THESE HUMANS CAN be understood. Handwriting-analysis by a trained psychologist is a science, astonishingly accurate, helpful. Individual analysis $3.00, compatibility-analysis for two persons $5.00. ALFRED REISS, Ph.D., LL.D., 4410 Broadway, New York.

APARTMENT WANTED
WANTED by two adults in lower Manhattan: Furnished 2 or 3-room apartment for 5 or six months. Must be reasonable. Address: Box 256, The New Republic.

HOUSE FOR RENT
AUTHOR'S HOUSE at reasonable rental to professional man or woman planning creative writing during 1941. Address: Box 254, The New Republic.

LITERARY HELP
TREATISES, RESEARCH PAPERS, SPEECHES. Special Articles, reviews, promptly prepared to requirements of busy professionals. Our extensive experience available at moderate rates, with assurance of scholarly serviceable results. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Ave., New York.

WEARING APPAREL
SHOPPING no problem at Miss Goodman's, where only clothes that have "that certain air" are sold. Dresses, Coats, Hats, mostly authentic originals sold way below actual value. 474 7th Ave. (36th St.). LA 4-4013.

FUR AND FABRIC HATS designed especially for your costume at Miss Goodman 474 7th Ave. (36th Street). LA 4-4026.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED